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TWO MONTHS ABOUT REFORM.

IT is curious to look backwards and to think that little more than two months separates us from the period of the QUEEN'S Speech, and of the first beginnings of a Reform Bill. For a whole month the position of Reform was altogether chaotic. The Ministerial mind could not hit on anything at all. It had no plans whatever, no views on Reform, for it or against it. The Cabinet had got no further than the general persuasion that they too could be Reformers. They would not acquiesce in the theoretical assumption that Reform was the exclusive property of Lord RUSSELL. They were like the ladies who loudly proclaim that they are as good as men, and prove it by adroit refections of history. Mr. DISRAELI had got as far in politics as Dr. MARY WALKER has in medicine. He had just surmounted the first ridicule of appearing, although a Conservative, in the breeches and surtout of a real male Reformer. But that was all. He openly said that he wanted a Bill made for him. Reform, he urged, was not a question on which Ministries ought any more to stand or fall. When, therefore, in the second week of the Session, he took up the subject of Reform, he not only began by proposing a set of Resolutions which meant nothing, but he introduced them in a speech which was more vague and unintelligible than the Resolutions themselves. He never alluded in the most distant way to the famous fifth Resolution in favour of a plurality of votes. The House felt how dismal the chaos was, and asked him for something more explicit, and on February the 25th he produced the famous ten minutes' Bill. He proposed it with the reluctance and abhorrence suited to the imbecile proposal, and a few days revealed that he hated it, that his Cabinet hated it, that his party hated it, and that it had been adopted after ten minutes' discussion. As no one liked it, or had a word to say in its favour, and as Mr. GLADSTONE had not as yet found out that he had a secret tenderness for it, the Ministry reverted to what it called euphemistically the original project of Lord DERBY, and declared for household suffrage with certain artificial checks. But this entailed a disruption of the Cabinet, and some of the chief of its members resigned. They did not like the original project of Lord DERBY, and a laborious Sunday had satisfied Lord CRANBORNE that the proposed checks were utterly worthless. The astounding intelligence that a Reform Bill had actually been adopted in ten minutes by the Cabinet was first communicated to the favoured electors of Droitwich, and they also learnt what was the general nature of the new scheme to be laid before Parliament. It was to be household suffrage with some kind of plural vote. The intelligence was repeated at a Ministerial gathering by Lord DERBY; and accordingly, when on March the 18th the present Bill was introduced, and the era of absolute unrelieved chaos was brought to an end, Mr. GLADSTONE was all ready to denounce and condemn it. He did so with unexpected vehemence, and with a particularity unusual at so early a stage. Still he had his say, and so the first step towards the real existence of a Bill was attained. The Government had proposed a measure, and the leader of the Opposition had denounced it. So far, at any rate, we had got, that there was something to fight over, and to praise or decry, according to circumstances.

To introduce a Bill is some sort of triumph for a wavering, helpless, unfortunate Ministry, but only to introduce it is a very little thing. The great success is to carry it through a second reading, and this was the next important stage in this Session's history of Reform. Mr. GLADSTONE was notoriously reluctant to let the second reading go unopposed. He disapproved altogether of the principle on which the Bill was based; he had lashed himself into a fervent sympathy for the compound householders, as if those accidental paupers had been early Christians, and Mr. GLADSTONE was an experienced martyr who knew that the lions were longing to get at

them. From the outset Mr. GLADSTONE has been convinced that the Bill of the Government was a bad one, and he thought the sooner it was got rid of the better. But his supporters were so strongly in favour of letting the Bill go into Committee that he was obliged to yield. And he did not yield in vain. Mr. DISRAELI spoke on behalf of the Government as if he was literally made of concessions. He was ready to do anything for anybody, and unfortunately Mr. GLADSTONE had given him a chance of carrying the House with him. Mr. GLADSTONE had laid down the law, and dictated what the Government must do and what it must not do, and how the Reform Bill must be altered, as if he had been the master of a lower school form and was looking over a copy of verses full of false quantities. He made a mistake, and he was punished for it by Mr. DISRAELI's pretending that he was very much frightened at him, and that it was a very good thing a strong piece of furniture divided Mr. GLADSTONE from his political opponents. But, although Mr. DISRAELI used and enjoyed this opportunity of triumphing over his adversary, he was by no means dictatorial or obstinate in his language about the Reform Bill. He only asked to be made the instrument of settling the question. Pass a Reform Bill, he said to the House, and then turn out the Ministry, but not before. He seemed ready to promise everything and yield everything. He threw overboard the dual vote at once, as a JONAH, to lighten his ship and save it from destruction. This essential and main feature of the old original DERBY project was wiped out as easily and carelessly as if it had been a sum done wrong on a schoolboy's slate. He had no objection to a lodger franchise; he was indeed the parent of this particular franchise; and although he was indifferent to it, yet, if it became in any way fashionable, he was willing to receive it, and pet it, and treat it as his own, and as a credit to him. He would not insist on voting-papers; he would do whatever was fair about compound householders. In short, if he was but allowed to get his Bill into Committee, he would make everything pleasant to everybody. He was taken at his word, and on March the 26th the Bill passed the second reading.

A new stage now began. The majority of the House wished that the Bill should go into Committee, and that there the best practicable shape should be given it. But Mr. GLADSTONE was not of this opinion, for he held a theory of the borough franchise radically different from that on which the Bill was founded. He was for lowering the figure of the franchise, but in other respects keeping the law much as it is at present. He thought he saw that the proposal of the Government was, as Sir WILLIAM HEATHCOTE subsequently described it, at once niggardly and lavish. He saw in the strongest light all its tendency to restrict the franchise, and he saw in the faintest light its tendency to enlarge the franchise. But, as his party wished the Bill to be brought before a Committee, he would not openly thwart his supporters, and it seemed to him that the end he desired might be perfectly well attained by giving Instructions to the Committee. Accordingly, he called together one of those strange meetings which he has taken into his head to assemble in his hall, and addressed his supporters from the staircase. Mistaking what he meant, and not understanding that they were met simply to register humbly and silently his decision, some of those present tendered, or seemed inclined to tender, advice, and to avoid every appearance of hurrying on to extremes. Mr. CLAY, more especially, threw out a suggestion that the proposed Instruction might be curtailed. Immediately Mr. GLADSTONE flew at him, and sternly reprimanded him for his disobedience. But, although silenced, the dissentients were not quelled, and at a meeting held in the Tea-room immediately before the hour when the Instruction was to be proposed by Mr. COLERIDGE, they agreed to let their leader know that he was not doing as they wished, and that he must let the Bill go into Committee unfettered by an Instruction. He

had to give way, but he determined to take the earliest possible opportunity of deciding which theory of the borough franchise was most acceptable to Parliament. No doubt he was quite right in doing this. The arguments on his side were very good, but it was doubtful whether Parliament would listen and yield to them, and this must be decided once for all. After a spirited debate, enlivened by many sportive personalities and by many taunts and bitter hints, the House finally decided that it would have no arithmetical restriction on household suffrage. A secession of more than forty Liberals gave a majority to the Government, and the House separated for the recess with a general desire to make the Bill better, and not to let the opportunity slip by of getting a settlement of the question that will be tolerably satisfactory.

PARLIAMENT BEFORE EASTER.

THE credit which Parliament has lost in the weary confusion of the Reform discussions has not been redeemed by any remarkable exhibition, in other departments, of intellectual power or of legislative energy. The House of Lords has perhaps finally abdicated its participation in public affairs. Debates or conversations which have occupied altogether a few hours might have been omitted without any perceptible loss. Lord RUSSELL, on the first day of the Session, provoked some ridicule by a peevish repetition of his obsolete objections to the forgotten Chandos clause of the Reform Bill; but, having perhaps discovered his mistake, he has since abstained from attempts to interrupt the chronic apathy of the House. On one occasion only he recalled the traditions of former English policy, by a spirited and reasonable protest against Lord LYVEDEN's querulous objection to the guarantee of the Inter-colonial Railway of Canada. Lord RUSSELL is not content to admit, nor willing gratuitously to proclaim, the inability of England to resist wanton aggressions on colonial territory; and if doubtful opinions are to be entertained, it is desirable to err on the side of prudence and patriotism. Lord CARNARVON, during his short tenure of office, showed in more than one able speech his comprehension of the true principles of colonial policy. The cluster of dukes which now occupies the Ministerial bench includes one or two men of business, but scarcely an orator or a statesman. Lord DERBY, when his health allows him to attend, imitates the silence of the Opposition; and if Lord GREY from time to time delivers an instructive essay on the theory of Reform, both parties listen as passively as an audience at a lecture. The Lord CHANCELLOR has probably withdrawn, in deference to the opinion of the other law lords, an ill-considered scheme for reorganizing the Courts of Admiralty and Probate. Lord REDESDALE endeavoured to relieve the prevailing dullness by bringing the privileges of the House to bear on a critic who had objected to the exercise of his anomalous and irresponsible control of private legislation. A Select Committee reported, as a matter of course, in favour of the Chairman of Committees against a mere contractor, and Lord REDESDALE has consequently the sanction of the House in admitting opponents to be heard against Bills which are referred to his tribunal because they are unopposed. A measure introduced by him, for the exemption of railway plant from liability to be taken in execution, was summarily extinguished by the opposition of Lord CAIRNS. Trifling episodes in the proceedings of a legislative assembly acquire comparative importance when there is no main current of serious business; and the House of Lords was lately at leisure to amuse itself with a series of confessions, delivered by its leading members, of the levity with which they had voted, sixteen years ago, against their conscientious opinions. In a popular tale, a party of boon companions explain, one after another, their various reasons for drinking a glass of brandy. One likes a dram because the day is hot; another because he feels chilly; and only the last of all, who records the conversation, candidly admits that he drinks the brandy because he likes it. In much the same manner, Lord DERBY defended the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill because it had never been put in execution; Lord GREY confessed that he had disliked it as much when he supported it as after its failure; and Lord GRANVILLE, with obdurate impenitence, boasted that, if it were to do again, he would once more, as in 1851, vote against sound policy and common sense.

The House of Commons has been somewhat more active in the intervals of its efforts to comprehend Mr. DISRAELI, and of its mutinous impulses of rebellion against Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. HARDY has acquired deserved credit by his Bill for modifying the operation of the Poor Law in the metropolis, and his clear and satisfactory exposition of the grounds of the measure

was received with unanimous approval. Even the advocates of parochial State-rights allowed that a federal experiment might be properly tried in the case of the sick poor, who would not be tempted by a relaxation of local jealousy to increase their numbers. The scheme of a uniform metropolitan poor-rate is confessedly premature, and before the project has become ripe for adoption it will perhaps be superseded by a larger and more equitable arrangement. Mr. VILLIERS, in an able speech on Mr. HARDY's Bill, formally announced the opinion that the charge of maintaining the poor ought to be transferred from the rates to the Consolidated Fund. A Bill has since been proposed for the extension of the rating system to timber and to metalliferous mines; but attempts to extend the incidence of an essentially partial impost point attention to its inherent unfairness. Parliamentary taxes are levied with comparative impartiality on all kinds of property; but parochial rates have by practice become exclusively chargeable on lands, houses, and tithes, underwoods and coal mines, while incomes derived from funds or commerce, and stock in trade, are absolutely exempt. Mr. VILLIERS has probably no immediate desire to draw practical conclusions from arguments which are theoretically unanswerable. When the equalization of the metropolitan poor-rate is seriously prosecuted, owners of property in the more favoured districts will probably begin to inquire whether the larger half of the wealth of the community ought not to furnish a contribution to the relief of the poor.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has, during his Presidency of the Board of Trade, been less skilful or less fortunate than his colleague of the Poor Law Board. Of two Bills promoted by his department, one was a blunder, and the other approached the dignity of a crime. It is surprising that an accomplished economist of long experience in the public service can have assented to the monstrous scheme of his subordinates, in conjunction with the local agitators of London, for the plunder of the Gas Companies. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has apparently not induced his successor at the Board of Trade to accept the troublesome inheritance of his Gas Bill, for on one of the last nights before the recess the SECRETARY of STATE for INDIA was engaged in the hopeless task of defending the flagrant breach of a Parliamentary contract. It may be hoped that the general condemnation of his municipal policy will sharpen his vigilance in the defence of public credit in his new and Imperial department. The Duke of RICHMOND will probably decline to proceed with Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's crude measure for the administration of insolvent Railway estates. Any general Bill for dealing with two or three special cases was likely to be inapplicable to future difficulties; and there was peculiar awkwardness in the reference of questions which properly fall within the cognizance of a Court of Equity to officers of the Board of Trade. The discussion on the introduction of the Bill was not encouraging to its promoters; and it may be added that the House of Commons is evidently unprepared to deal with the embarrassments of Railway Companies. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who succeeds better as a critic than as a legislator, was perfectly justified in his comments on Mr. CRAWFORD's proposal for the assumption of Railway debentures by the State. The scheme, however, pleased the more credulous imagination of Mr. GLADSTONE, and it will probably be revived in various forms. In the meantime, the chief agent in the transactions of the London, Chatham, and Dover Company, which have involved four hundred millions of property in discredit and depreciation, has been solemnly eulogized by Mr. GLADSTONE as a public benefactor. The most scrupulous conscience and the most delicate morality must give way when they conflict with the claims of conventional benevolence and candour. A time may perhaps arrive when statesmen who find it inconvenient to tell the truth will adopt the alternative of significant silence.

Each of the dissidents who have weakened the Cabinet by their withdrawal preluded his retirement, like a dying swan, by a last official song. General PEEL moved the extraordinary estimates of the War Department, after his resignation, in a clear and instructive statement. His proposals, however, for the creation of an army of reserve were obviously insufficient, although a closer connexion between the army and the militia is probably expedient. The task which General PEEL undertook cannot devolve on a more popular Minister, but it has still to be accomplished. Lord GRANBORNE confirmed, by his solitary speech on Indian policy, the reputation for administrative ability which had already transpired beyond the walls of the India Office. The Budget statement delivered soon after his accession to power was necessarily taken from a brief, and his adjustment of the claims of the officers of the Company's army must have been prepared by his predecessors; but the determination to re-

cognise the adoption of an heir by the Rajah of Mysore was characterized by the boldness and by the caution of a statesman. Lord CRANBORNE's measure has excited much angry comment in India, but, in a choice of difficulties, it was probably judicious to prefer the system of using native princes as instruments of British rule to Lord DALHOUSIE's more ambitious policy of extending the direct administration of the Supreme Government over India. The merits of the special case, although not conclusive of the question, were on the side of the RAJAH; yet Lord CRANBORNE, in reversing the judgment of three or four successive Viceroys, wisely reserved to himself or his successors the definition of the rights which were to be transmitted by the adoption. Although his speech was not longer than the occasion required, and was followed by no debate, few official statements have done so much to establish the Parliamentary position of a rising Minister.

The annual measures of private members have pursued their usual course. Mr. HAEDCASTLE obtained a large majority for the abolition of Church-rates; and Mr. COLERIDGE's majority on the University Tests Bill proved strong enough to carry double when Mr. FAWCETT proposed to apply its provisions to Cambridge. The relative positions of the chief Parliamentary leaders have not been materially altered during the complicated debates on Reform. Mr. GLADSTONE, though he has been as copious and as acute as in former Sessions, has not maintained his usual superiority. Mr. BRIGHT, while he has laid aside all violence and asperity in the House of Commons, has lost none of the grace and vigour of a consummate orator. Mr. DISRAELI's speeches have perhaps been the cleverest which he has ever delivered, and the most completely adapted to their several occasions. His exposition of an unambitious and borrowed Budget was concise and transparently clear; his speech in introducing the Reform Resolutions was utterly vague and deliberately unintelligible; and his more animated efforts in the party struggle which followed have more than once turned the fortune of the contest. If it is the object of rhetoric to persuade, or to enable an audience to pretend to be persuaded, Mr. DISRAELI has proved himself a consummate rhetorician. No more skilful performer has ever illustrated the art of flying a kite. Against an ostensible majority, and in spite of the unanimous disapproval of enlightened politicians, Mr. DISRAELI has used adverse currents to sustain the worst measure that ever bore the title of a Reform Bill. Surprise at his triumphant ingenuity alone distinguishes a Session which in other respects has, thus far, been neither lively nor fruitful.

THE PRIZE COURT AT CADIZ.

WE may congratulate ourselves on having, in all probability, got out of the ridiculous embarrassment of a war with Spain. An unexpected ally has come to our relief. Our old enemy the Prize Court at Cadiz has suddenly become our friend. It has pronounced the seizure of the *Queen Victoria* to have been illegal. It must be owned that these Spanish Courts have their good side as well as their bad. They can render justice in the same astonishing, inexplicable, and omnipotent way in which they can render injustice. There has been no nonsense or delay in the procedure of the Court this time. It has not called the interpreting qualities of its Poggio into play, it has not examined witnesses, or heard evidence, or inquired into ownership. Its roaring is completely by instinct. By a kind of intuition it all at once knows thoroughly the facts, and the bearing of the facts, of the case. Its sentence is what the Government asks for, not its reasons, and it gives its sentence at once. Nothing can be more convenient. The Government wants to yield to England, for the ironclads have left Malta and come to Gibraltar; but then the Government must uphold the national dignity, and support the decisions of the independent and honourable tribunals. The seeming difficulty is only an apparent one. The decisions of the tribunals must be respected, but then what are the decisions of the tribunals? The Prize Court of Cadiz may be trusted, and if it can but guess which way it is to be inspired, it will be most happy to do its duty. In the case of the *Tornado* it felt itself bound to do justice to Spain; it is now moved to do justice to England. It sits, as so many courts sit, on different sides. It sat, in judging the *Tornado*, on the native arrogance side. It was delightful work, and most gratifying to the patriotic heart, to condemn an English privateer. It was excellent fun to maltreat an English crew, and bully them, and pretend to examine them, and direct Poggio to extort incomprehensible answers to incomprehensible questions. It saved trouble, and showed a fine sense of national superiority, to pronounce a decision all in a moment, without

hearing any one, or stating any reasons. There was a humorous audacity in appealing to itself from itself, and quietly confirming its own opinion. Diplomacy naturally liked a Court that behaved so patriotically, and it spun webs of subtle reasoning to show why the sentence pronounced must be upheld. But diplomacy was at last cut short. The ironclads began to arrive, and then this useful, patriotic, dignified Prize Court at Cadiz was as useful as ever. The English Government had entirely declined to submit the case of the *Queen Victoria* any further to Spanish tribunals. It had no sort of confidence in them, and General CALONGE, who had proposed this further reference to tribunals, had hinted what was likely to happen when he suggested that, if the decision of the tribunals was very unjust, then the English Government might write as many diplomatic letters about the decision as it liked. The answer to this despatch was the arrival of the ironclads at Gibraltar. This quite altered the purpose which the Prize Court at Cadiz was to serve. The English Government would not allow that the vessel should be once more condemned, but the English Government could not possibly object to a useful and patriotic tribunal all of a sudden discovering, without any kind of proof, or the case coming before it any way, that the seizure of the vessel was illegal. General CALONGE deserves the greatest credit for this ingenious solution of the difficulty. It is not for us to say that the decision of this impromptu Court is an extraordinary one. It gives us what we ask, and its decision has in due course been confirmed by the Council of State. If the seizure was illegal, we are entitled to reparation and apology. So we get what we want, and the honour of Spain is preserved. Every one is pleased, and the Prize Court of Cadiz has been the best of peace-makers.

The extreme importance of getting the Prize Court at Cadiz to act on what we may term its British ironclad side is illustrated by the extraordinary character of the proceedings which can go on at Cadiz when the Prize Court is not moved to a right decision. In the case of the *Queen Victoria* our complaint was simply that there was no law at all; no tribunal sat, no decision was given. The CIVIL GOVERNOR at Cadiz did exactly as he liked, and what he liked was to sell the vessel. It cannot be said that he condemned her; he took her, and made what he could of her. The statements of outsiders like the owners and the crew were nothing to him. After Mr. DUNLOP, the British Consul, had made a long series of efforts to get something like justice done in the matter, or at least to get a statement of what was to be done and on what grounds it was to be done, he at length, three months after the capture of the vessel, received a verbal message from the Secretary of the Customs to the effect that the vessel which Mr. DUNLOP called the *Queen Victoria* had been lately sold, and that her cargo had been long before disposed of; and that whether the ship had been derelict, or whether she had been smuggling close in shore, was of very little consequence, as the CIVIL GOVERNOR was not going to enter more into the subject. This was all the Spanish authorities condescended to give by way of explanation of their proceedings. There was no collection of evidence, no hearing, or refusing to hear, the owners in Court, no legal proceedings in any shape whatever. The CIVIL GOVERNOR had the ship sold, and then said he would enter no further on the subject. There was the Prize Court at Cadiz all ready for him. It would have been perfectly at his service. It would have employed Poggio as much as he liked. It would have suddenly come out with one of its impromptu sentences of condemnation. Sitting on its non-ironclad side, it might have been confidently trusted to take the Spanish view of things. If the CIVIL GOVERNOR had thought proper, it would have been most happy to go on and entertain an appeal from itself to itself, and confirm its own decision in proper order and form. But the CIVIL GOVERNOR thought this was too much of a good thing. It was a laborious, tiresome, futile proceeding, and it was so cheap and easy to sell the ship first, and then decline discussion. General CALONGE owned, when his attention to the case was quickened by the strong representations of the English Government, that the proceedings were null in equity. He was quite safe in going so far, for there were no proceedings to be null in equity or in anything else. It was very much as if one man had taken a loaf out of another man's hand and eaten it before his face, and then acknowledged that the proceeding had been null in equity. The fact was that the CIVIL GOVERNOR wished to hush the matter up, and stop all inquiry, and protect the revenue officers; and he therefore took the highest line he could think of, and told the British Consul that the case was all over, and there was nothing more to be done or said. And to a certain extent he was right. It

is exactly a year since he thus summarily disposed of the case, and justice is only just beginning to be thought of. It took a great many letters, and a great many negotiations, and a great amount of thought and trouble to get the Malta ironclads sent to Gibraltar; and if they had not been sent, the CIVIL GOVERNOR was justified, and the case was virtually as much at an end as if it had occurred hundreds of years ago.

LORD PALMERSTON once said, when he was taunted with treating little nations and big nations in a different way, that it was impossible to treat them alike, for they acted in different ways, and little nations did what big nations would never think of doing. He and politicians of his school strained the inference beyond its due limits, but there was much truth in what he said. What a curious picture of national life it gives that there should be at this time of day such an institution as the Prize Court at Cadiz! It seems not inappropriate to Spain that it should have this convenient sort of tribunal, acting by fits and starts of Ministerial inspiration; but it would be impossible to dream that such a tribunal should exist in France or Prussia. At first sight it looks a little like bullying, when a foreign nation proceeds according to its laws with regard to British property, that we should say we have had enough of its laws, and should send ironclads to get what we want. But there is nothing else to be done. The real as well as the nominal facts must be looked at. The Prize Court at Cadiz is not a Court in the sense in which we, or the French, or the Prussians speak of Courts. It is a legal instrument for recording the current opinions of the Government. We are obliged to make the Government make it do us justice. Our whole case against Spain is that there is no law in the country. When we complain that an English ship has been taken, we are told that that ship has been sold, and that the CIVIL GOVERNOR must decline to enter further on the subject. After the owner of the *Tornado* has been protesting, and expostulating, and making statements, and furnishing proofs about his vessel for weeks and months, it is suddenly condemned behind his back. There is nothing like law in such proceedings; and probably to Spanish eyes there is nothing very wrong or outrageous in them. It is a good joke seeing how much England will stand, and it is not very painful to yield when England will stand no more. There are nations, as there are men, which never get beyond childishness however old they may be, and the Spaniards are one of these nations. They do puerile things in a very grave and solemn way, but the things they do are still puerile. They have babyish constitutions, and babyish revolutions, and a Queen going to heaven in a babyish way. Their Prize Courts are the kind of Courts which ingenious children would devise if they were imagining a country. We cannot be angry with the Spaniards, but neither can we let them play with us for ever. It is quite right in the English Government to have made them feel this, and it will do them a great deal of good to have felt it. Still it is most satisfactory that the quarrel is over. They will probably try to go on playing a little longer, but that which must determine the character of the play is the memory that, when the crisis came, they had to give way. Justice towards Englishmen will be a little quicker and surer in Spain for the next few years, we may hope, than if these disputes had never arisen, and the ironclads had never left Malta.

LUXEMBURG.

THE only encouraging circumstance in the unfortunate Luxembourg controversy is the reference of some undefined question to the signatories of the Treaty of 1839. The arrangements of that year have so little bearing on the dispute between France and Prussia, that an appeal to obsolete stipulations may be thought to indicate an inclination to delay, if not a wish for peace. By the Treaties of 1815 the whole of Luxembourg was assigned to the King of the NETHERLANDS, while at the same time the Grand Duchy was included in the German Confederation. After the secession of Belgium from the Netherlands, it was provided by the Treaty of London in 1831 that the Western portion of Luxembourg should be assigned to the King of the BELGIANS in full sovereignty, the Federal relations of that part of the Duchy being transferred to Limburg, which, together with Eastern Luxembourg, was secured to the King of the NETHERLANDS. The refusal of Holland to accede to the treaty caused the French siege of Antwerp and the blockade of the Scheldt; and after the termination of hostilities the whole of Luxembourg remained provisionally in possession of Belgium. In 1839 negotiations for a definitive peace were

renewed, and Austria and Prussia, on behalf of the Confederation, required Belgium to comply with the stipulations of 1831. The Western part of Luxembourg was accordingly detached from the Confederation, while the territory now in dispute continued to form a German State under the sovereignty of the House of ORANGE. The town of Luxembourg from 1815 to 1866 was a Federal fortress, occupied by a Prussian garrison. The Plenipotentiary of the GRAND DUKE voted for the motion which provoked from Prussia the declaration that the Bund was dissolved, but no hostile measures were taken on either side; and at the close of the war the Prussian Government abstained from including the Grand Duchy in the Northern Confederation. The garrison still occupied the fortress, and the King of HOLLAND seems to have taken possession of the vacant sovereignty as of a derelict without a claimant. It was a singular result of adhesion to the losing side that a limited estate should be suddenly converted into a fee-simple. The King of the NETHERLANDS, after assuming the right of succession to the defunct Confederacy, proceeded to draw the questionable inference that he had a selling as well as a holding title. The sale of sovereign rights is a disgraceful relic of times in which kings were regarded as owners of their dominions; but the dealings of a sordid vendor with an eager purchaser would perhaps have met with no impediment if there had not been a troublesome occupier settled in the most valuable part of the estate. The defence of the fortress of Luxembourg, which had for half a century been entrusted to Prussia, could scarcely be abandoned in deference to the demand of France.

The Emperor NAPOLEON committed an unaccountable error in demanding a concession which could not be granted by Prussia except at the cost of wounding the national feeling of Germany. France had lost nothing by the maintenance of a state of things which dated from 1815, and it was impossible that a great country should submit to pay a fine to a neighbour as the condition of its own approximation to unity. Count BISMARCK, on his side, had been guilty of an oversight in allowing Dutch Luxembourg to remain even for a time outside the Confederacy. The Treaty of 1839, which assumes the existence of the Confederacy of 1814, is evidently inapplicable to the present condition of affairs; but if Luxembourg is to pass as a lapsed legacy, either Prussia or Holland is nearer of kin to the deceased Diet than France. The right of the GRAND DUKE to sell his subjects may be summarily disregarded, and the necessity of providing for the safety of the French frontier is a transparent pretence. M. DE GIRARDIN, who represents in a caricatured form the vainglorious element in the national character, has suddenly discovered that Luxembourg with three other German fortresses forms a Northern Quadrilateral. It is easy to draw the deduction that the left bank of the Rhine, from the Alps to the sea, must be claimed and conquered by France in spite of modern theories of nationality. The difficulty or impossibility of the enterprise is an argument more intelligible to Frenchmen than any demonstration of the injustice of dismembering Germany. If the rupture, which is too probable, ultimately ensues, it is impossible to anticipate the result of one or of two campaigns; but at the end of the war it is nearly certain that France and Germany will be separated by the frontier which has only been altered during a thousand years by the transfer to the Western Power of Alsace and Lorraine. Six or eight hundred thousand men on either side will have been engaged in a desperate strife for the purpose of proving that neither belligerent can hope to attain a decisive superiority.

The rumours of alliances to be formed in prospect of a war are evidently apocryphal; yet it happens, by a strange paradox, that the most absurd of all imagined combinations is the least incredible. It is said that the Queen of SPAIN has offered to join Prussia in hostilities against France, and it is impossible to disprove the preposterous proposal by internal evidence. The Court of Madrid is capable of any caprice, and the agents of Rome may perhaps have hoped to revenge the Holy See on France by Protestant agency. The partisans of both the principals in the dispute affect to have secured the friendship of Italy; nor would it be easy, if participation in the quarrel were indispensable, to decide between the benefactor of 1859 and the ally of 1866. The Italian PRIME MINISTER has always been regarded as an adherent of France, while the general feeling is perhaps more favourable to Prussia. The interests of Italy require absolute neutrality in an alien struggle, and it is difficult to believe that any statesman would deviate from the plain path of expediency and duty.

Austria would have more to gain or to lose by active interference. At first sight it might appear that a great military Power would hold the balance between two belligerents of equal force; and the precedent of 1813, when Austria, after long hesitation, turned the fortune of the war by joining Prussia and Russia against NAPOLEON, will have occurred to every politician. To recover a position in Germany, and to retrieve the disasters of last year's campaign, are tempting objects, and the termination of the Hungarian controversy has added to the available force of the Empire; yet the danger of an alliance with France against Russia preponderates over any possible advantage which could be obtained. An Austrian army in Bohemia would take Prussia in the rear, but it is not impossible that Russia might effect a still more formidable diversion by an invasion of Galicia. The alienation of the German subjects of the Empire would be a graver and more certain evil. The accomplice of a foreign invader would scarcely survive, as a German potentate, a war in which the integrity of Germany was at issue. It is a common error to assume that the demand for national immunity from aggression is of recent origin in Germany. Italy was, in a certain sense, correctly described as a geographical expression long after German patriots had accustomed themselves to hope for the restoration of the integrity and unity of the mediæval kingdom. Even at the outbreak of the French Revolution, enthusiasts hoped in vain for the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine from the foreigner; and, after the fall of NAPOLEON, the feeling of nationality received political and diplomatic recognition in the new Confederation. The inviolability of German territory has since become an article of national and practical belief. In 1848 CHARLES ALBERT was prevented from blockading Trieste, because it was a German as well as an Austrian port. In 1859 the Emperor NAPOLEON concluded an abrupt peace in consequence of a concentration of German armies on the Rhine. In assenting to the seizure of Luxemburg by France, the Austrian Government would ratify the claim of Prussia to represent, and perhaps to govern, the whole of Germany.

The same considerations will weigh still more conclusively with the minor princes, who have no Hungary to fall back upon. It has been stated, probably on the authority of conjecture, that the French Government has offered to guarantee the territory of Bavaria, Baden, and Wurtemberg, on condition of their neutrality. If war should break out, some similar offer would certainly be made, and the States south of the Main would have to consider whether it was their interest to form a new Confederation of the Rhine. French statesmen, lingering in imagination over the glories of the First Empire, are capable of believing in the possible revival of an obsolete organization; but no German prince, whatever may be his regrets or his sympathies, supposes that his throne would be worth a week's purchase after he had openly renounced the cause of his country. It would be better to suffer a temporary invasion of Rhenish Bavaria than to forfeit all future claim to the toleration of Germany. The question of neutrality is, in truth, no longer open to consideration, for the Treaties of 1866 were concluded in contemplation of a Prussian rupture with France. The South-German Governments might then have invoked, with reasonable confidence of success, the intervention of the French EMPEROR to protect them against the demands of Prussia; but, having with deliberate prudence adopted a safer and wiser alternative, they will not disgrace themselves by retracting their pledges as soon as they are required to redeem them. The wildness of political speculation has reached a climax in the report that England is likely to conclude an offensive and defensive alliance with Holland, Belgium, and France against Prussia. Any disturbance of the modern policy of non-intervention will need to be justified by some plausible motive. A wanton attack on Germany for the purpose of aggrandizing France would be a grosser blunder than the original demand for the acquisition of Luxemburg.

THE PRESENT POSITION OF REFORM.

THE division of last week settled two things, and two things only. It settled that a Reform Bill shall be carried, if possible, by the present Government in the present Session, and it settled that household suffrage, in some form or other, shall be the basis of the borough franchise. Neither decision is to be regretted, although full justice ought to be done to those who on both points held a different opinion. There may possibly have been some intriguing for office in the background. Veteran Whigs may have thought that the time was once more come for themselves and their friends; but no one can suppose that Mr. GLADSTONE is thirsting for office. But what he may have felt, and what most certainly many

strong Reformers felt, is that Reform ought to be in the hands of its friends, and not of its enemies. They want what they call an honest Bill; and an honest Bill means, as we have learnt by experience, not so much a Bill of a particular character as a Bill brought in by honest men. In itself this is a natural and pardonable feeling, but it is one that cannot be gratified at this particular crisis, and so no more need be said about it. The decision as to household suffrage, however, settled a point that was really in doubt. The two theories of the borough franchise were before the House, and both might be supported by excellent arguments. The House has chosen to have household suffrage with restrictions yet to be ascertained, and it has rejected the plan of limiting the franchise by a figure. Nothing but an honest conviction that it was the course dictated by the real interests of the country and of the poor could have made Mr. GLADSTONE adopt the plan of limiting the franchise by the hard line of a particular amount of rental or rating. The popular, the Liberal, the claptrap plan was unquestionably the household suffrage plan. Rhetoric might have found an unbounded scope in dilating on the magnificent opportunity of admitting to the franchise every needy Christian living in what lawyers call his castle. Mr. GLADSTONE thought that it was not good for the very poor that they should have the suffrage at present, but he wished to place every facility in the way of those who were to be voters. Holding this theory, he courageously avowed it, and did his best to carry it at the risk of having it said that he was thirsting for office—thirsting to be a subordinate of the veteran Lord HALIFAX—and that he was less Liberal than the Conservatives. Everything except the honesty of his conviction must have led him the other way, and it must be said, to his honour and to that of the Conservatives who voted against their party, that they had a sustained, intelligible, distinct belief and opinion, which they had deliberately formed, and clung to under very adverse circumstances. The decision has been against them, and it is evident that there was no real hope of their views being adopted even if the Government had been beaten last week. The proposal to retain a fixed figure is one distasteful to a very large number of those who follow Mr. GLADSTONE most honestly and most earnestly. He has fought for his theory and been conquered, and his theory is now among the dead things of the Session, gone to the same limbo as the dual vote. Good things go there as well as bad, and this theory was at any rate a theory which found favour in the eyes of men who have most attentively studied the subject, whose ardour for Reform is indisputable, and whose zeal for the interests of the poor is beyond suspicion.

It is, however, one of the inflexible rules of political life that there is no good in trying to keep alive the dead past, or mourning over it, or speaking too fondly of it. A suffrage with a fixed figure is gone, and household suffrage, with or without ratepaying or other conditions, remains. We do not see why a very fair measure should not yet be passed on the basis of household suffrage. How far the Government will yield remains to be seen, but that it will yield a good deal is quite evident. Mr. DISRAELI once more reverted to his language of concession before the division was taken. If only the House will leave him the puppet of the personal payment of rates, that he may dance it before the eyes of his party and make - believe it is a principle, he will be happy. There is nothing else that he firmly declines to concede. The mare's-nest of Mr. OSBORNE was certainly not altogether a mare's-nest. As a source of bitterness, and an occasion of blackguarding opponents in a Parliamentary way, it was a very obvious reality, and it had some sort of importance in itself. Nothing that Colonel TAYLOR said bound the Government, and we will take for granted that the views of Colonel TAYLOR were communicated to Mr. DILLWYN with proper caution and reserve. Still they were the views of Colonel TAYLOR. He may pass an opinion on the course which his chiefs are likely to take without in any way laying them under an obligation to do as he prophesies; but, at any rate, his opinion is that of a good judge who has the very best means of judging. This excellent judge, this intimate associate of the Conservative leaders, says that, from what he knows of them, he thinks they would have no real objection to adopt Mr. HIBBERT's amendment. There is an evident disposition not to levy the fine on the compound householder. Mr. HUNT struck out a theory, on behalf of the Government, that the compound householder pays the full rate in his rent. Obviously, if he does so, he ought to get all he pays back from his landlord. Whether this is philosophically right, or not, is a matter of considerable doubt; but practically, if the compound householder pays nothing more if he does vote than if he does not,

he will be much more comfortable, and the peculiar irritation which was threatened will cease to operate. Nor is there any reason to think that the Government will really insist on the voter below 10*l*. fulfilling a longer term of residence than the compounder. Mr. DISRAELI slid out of his previous fierce announcement on this point by saying that it was only a piece of ordinary Ministerial language meant to goad his supporters into supporting him warmly. It was not to be taken literally as signifying that a few months of residence more or less was a very vital point, and that the Government would go out upon it. All that he meant was that he wished just for once in his life to beat Mr. GLADSTONE on a division. This pleasure he has been permitted to enjoy, and he can now afford to begin the task of making the Reform Bill something like a decent measure.

Within a few hours after his defeat, Mr. GLADSTONE wrote a letter to some obscure country association, in which he gave vent to the feelings which had been awakened in him by finding that his party would not follow him. A prudent man would not have written this letter; a cold, reserved man would not have let all the world know what pangs of bitter mortification he was enduring. But imprudence sometimes has a success of its own, and mankind sometimes lean to those who are not the heroes of psalms of life, and who, when they suffer, are not so particularly strong. If Mr. GLADSTONE openly mourns that he cannot lead his party, it is time to say openly the truth about his leadership. He is not a good party leader; he does not understand how to manage men, when to be firm and when to be pliant; he is fierce and impulsive, and he is under the mastery of his own feelings, and is often the slave of his own rhetoric. But when all this is said, how little, how very little is said against him in comparison with that which can be said for him! If he is not to lead the Liberals, who is to lead them? Is it seriously meant that he is to be placed under a worn-out Whig peer, who is to "coach" him, and show him the secrets of Whig art? Let us hope that at least this stage of political decrepitude is over, and that the Reform Bill, if it does nothing else, will make such an absurdity impossible. Not only is there no rival to him in the Liberal party, there is not even a second to him. And in many respects he is one of the very chief of Liberal leaders. No English statesman since Fox has had so much of the popular fibre. No living statesman can, in his best moments, strike out words that breathe and thoughts that burn so vividly in the heart of the nation. The real distinction which separates one politician from another in these days is the mode in which he regards the poor; and no one surpasses Mr. GLADSTONE in the truth of his perceptions about the poor, the largeness of his views as to what can be done for them, and the sympathy he feels for them, not as a patron and benevolent being, but as a man who sees in the state of the poor the tragic side of English life. No one else can in any way approach him in most of the first requisites for the leadership of the Liberal party, and it is not to question his pre-eminence to ask him to restrain himself, to keep down the fury and passion of his language, and to understand what those about him are thinking and saying. Before he rends his garments and sprinkles himself with ashes over the loss of his position and the end of his leadership, let him choose an issue which really puts in question one of the cardinal doctrines of his party. It is impossible to say that any doctrine of this sort was involved in the issue between household suffrage and a fixed figure. He will have plenty of opportunities of finding an issue that will show him whether the Liberals will follow him or not. It is, for example, an issue going to the very root of Liberalism, whether the poor man, if once allowed to vote, shall vote under disadvantages as compared with his richer neighbour. What Mr. GLADSTONE thinks on this point every one knows, and if he enforces and insists on his opinion, and yet is not supported by the Liberals around him, then we will own, not that he is not fit to lead the Liberal party, but that there is not in the present Parliament a Liberal party fit to be led by him.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE menaced outbreak in the East is waiting for the graver decision of the West. Until the Luxemburg misunderstanding has terminated in peace or war, Russia will not compromise her policy by any irrevocable act. The Ottoman Government has profited by the respite to make a final effort for the retention or reconquest of Crete; and OMAR PASHA, the only Turkish general who has acquired a European reputation, has been despatched to the island with a reinforcement which

may perhaps suppress opposition. If the insurrection should survive the arrival of the new commander, the Cretans will probably attain independence and annexation to Greece. It is not positively known whether France concurred in the diplomatic pressure which has hitherto been resisted by the Porte. Austria and Prussia are believed to have followed the lead of Russia in demanding or recommending the concession of partial independence to the islanders, while the English Ambassador was judiciously instructed to abstain from adding to the difficulties of the Turkish Government. The Empire might well dispense with the possession of Crete, but there is imminent danger in the precedent of diplomatic sanction accorded to a partially successful revolt. The SULTAN and his Government are naturally irritated by the barefaced complicity of the Government of Athens; and the encroachments of a petty State on a superior Power are made more offensive by the extraneous reasons which render open retaliation impracticable or inexpedient. The Cretan rebellion would long since have been crushed but for the aid which has been furnished by Greece, and yet the Porte is afraid to declare war against a State which would instantly demand the protection of France or of Russia. Even Americans, in spite of their doctrine that each hemisphere should control its own affairs, have thought fit to feel or to profess an interest in the Cretan insurrection. The House of Representatives lately passed a unanimous resolution of sympathy with Ireland and Candia, or, in other words, with possible Fenian rebels and with actual Cretan insurgents. The telegraph excusably substituted Candia for Candia, but the comprehensive sympathy of Congress with secession and treason appears to have been directed at the same time against England and Turkey; yet even the perverse immorality of the ultra-Republican faction cannot confuse a mixed cause with a purely criminal enterprise.

The perseverance of the Christian insurgents and of their Greek allies has in some degree justified the original revolt. The movement may perhaps have originated in Russian intrigues, but it appears that its promoters had made a sound calculation of their moral and material resources. The Turkish troops who during ten months have been employed in suppressing the rebellion must nearly have equalled in number the fighting Christian population. The Pasha in command was brave, conspicuously humane, well acquainted with the island, and not deficient in ability; but for nearly a year the insurgents have been able to prevent the general restoration of peace. The Greeks of the mainland have proved that the Cretans were their countrymen by the test which was applied to the neighbourly connexion of the Samaritan with the traveller who fell among thieves. Volunteers who encounter of their own accord the hardships and perils of the Cretan campaigns show that they practically believe the Greeks of the island to belong to their own religion and race. Cosmopolitan intruders from Italy have not been encouraged to offer their services to a cause in which they were not at all concerned. The adventurers who run every week through the wide meshes of the Turkish blockade are fighting both for the aggrandizement of their own country and in aid of a kindred people. Although the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire is likely to involve grave inconvenience, Crete has done much to establish a claim to release from servitude. The imitative aptitude of Greeks is amusingly exemplified in a resolution adopted by the conclave of chiefs which has assumed the rank of a National Assembly. It has been declared for the edification of Europe that religious and political toleration are established, and that Christians and Mussulmans are to enjoy equal rights in Crete. The readiness of Greek patriots to humour the supposed prejudices of the West is creditable to their sagacity and docility. The Mahometan Cretans will be but slightly reassured by the amiable professions of their hereditary enemies; but the merest pretence of Liberalism indicates a capacity for civilization. The more respectable inhabitants of the Ionian Islands have recently learned by painful experience the difference between a free and orderly Government, and semi-barbarous anarchy. When Crete is annexed to Greece it will not be administered better than Corfu or Cephalonia, and the Mahometan minority will probably have to choose between massacre and expulsion; but it is possible that, with an increase of power and population, Greece may ultimately become respectable, especially as patriotic ambition is one of the most hopeful and fruitful of national qualities.

While Serbia is waiting for orders from St. Petersburg, Prince MICHAEL has occupied his leisure by successive visits to Constantinople and to Bucharest. The renewal of his feudal homage to the SULTAN followed naturally on the large

concessions which have been made to the demands of the Servian Government or of its patrons. The vassal Prince came, perhaps for the last time, to the foot of the throne, in the spirit in which a mediæval Margrave or Elector returned thanks to the EMPEROR for some further instalment of independence. In his return through the Danubian Principalities, Prince MICHAEL perhaps took occasion to confer with Prince CHARLES of HOHENZOLLERN on the form of the next demand which the great feudatories are to present to the Porte. Yet it is doubtful whether Servia and Roumania will henceforth coincide in policy and interest. The Russian Government, which exercises an acknowledged though illegal protectorate over Servia, has never formally approved the union of the Principalities or the deposition of COUZA. No real objection can be felt to any transaction which weakens or destroys the connexion of Moldavia and Wallachia with the Porte; but for many generations Russia has desired to possess the left bank of the Lower Danube, and the establishment of a considerable State on the Northern frontier of Turkey might create a serious obstacle to annexation. Europe, which has lately become reconciled to the spoliation of Turkey, might not regard with equal complacency the conquest of a Christian State. The Roumanians, unlike the Servians, are separated from the Russians by a fundamental difference of language; and on the breaking up of the Turkish Empire they may hope to form a principal part of a new federation or system of independent governments. It is not easy to understand the report that certain Bulgarian deputies have been presenting a petition to the SULTAN for local self-administration. If there are such delegates, and if they represent any considerable district in the provinces south of the Danube, it would seem that they are, under Russian instigation, imitating the preliminary proceedings of the Cretan insurgents. Memorials to the Porte are generally composed rather with a view to the grievance of rejection than for the purpose of obtaining any reasonable concession. The Cretans, with much candour, attached the same date to the petition in which they professed loyalty to the SULTAN and to the address in which they demanded from the protecting Powers annexation to Greece. Tolerable government and civil equality would sooner or later be established in Turkey if reforms were allowed time to ripen; but before the Crimean war Russia always resisted the internal improvement of Turkey, and at present the same influence is exercised in the cultivation of disaffection and revolt.

In the midst of more pressing embarrassments, the Turkish Government has perhaps received with comparative equanimity the demands of the Pasha of EGYPT. It must be almost a relief to be worried by a dependent who cannot appeal to Christian sympathies, and experience has shown that the Egyptian dynasty has been more loyal to the SULTAN since the concession of hereditary rank and of partial independence. The present VICEROY, however, desires to become a titular King, and, for the purpose of placing additional pressure on the Porte, he has adopted the whimsical device of summoning an Oriental Parliament. When some hesitation was lately displayed at Constantinople, the VICEROY'S Envoy announced that the Egyptian Parliament was raising difficulties in the way of voting the annual tribute. CAVOUR himself could not have understood better the diplomatic use of Parliamentary institutions. The PASHA has, indeed, not yet succeeded in naturalizing one of the most indispensable elements of European representative assemblies. In Egypt there is no Opposition, and when the PASHA ordered a section of the members to organize resistance to his Ministers, they respectfully refused to obey a command inconsistent with loyal submission. It was safer to refuse submission for once than to incur Vice-regal displeasure by habitual contumacy. Accordingly, the party which threatened to withhold the tribute must have been the Ministerial majority, or rather the unanimous Parliament, acting under superior orders.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

THE great work on which the statesmen of Canada have so long been engaged is at length completed. The Confederation Act has received the Royal Assent, and the loan of 3,000,000*l.* for the construction of the railway which is to connect the whole country with the port of Halifax has been guaranteed by the Imperial Government. The works which are to convert Quebec into a first-class fortress are being actively prosecuted at the Imperial expense, and in all respects England has thus far done her best to add to the strength and consolidate the resources of the new Confederacy. The immediate results of these important measures will depend

entirely on the spirit in which they are worked by our colonial brethren, and the great ultimate issues which hang upon them will in all human probability be decided by the tone which may prevail in the Dominion of Canada, and the policy she may pursue during the next few years. Public opinion, both here and in Canada, has as yet but feebly apprehended all that may flow out of this momentous crisis. Confederation is a fact, but it needs more experience than we at present possess to say whether the effect will be to knit more closely the ties between the Mother-country and her offshoots, or to encourage that tendency to drift into independence which some English politicians fancy they can see in all the recent changes which have so largely modified our colonial policy. Two things seem very certain. First, we may be sure that the present situation will not be maintained for ever in conservative stagnation. Either Canada will draw closer to England, as all her chief representative men and the most sagacious of our own statesmen hope, or else she will drift inevitably into a brief independence, to be followed by absorption into the ambitious Republic on her borders. In the next place, we may with no less confidence assert that the choice between these two directions of movement rests, not with us, but with the Canadians themselves. Except on an impulse originating across the Atlantic, we can do little to bind more closely together the scattered fragments of an Empire which might by closer union double its material strength and moral influence. What England can do for this end will be done, notwithstanding the preaching of a doctrinaire school which, at a time when all other nations are obeying a seemingly irresistible impulse towards agglomeration, would have us believe that the true policy of the British Empire is to split itself up into a number of absolutely independent communities. The theory of Canadian independence, as the ultimate end to be looked for, is of all others the most untenable; and the narrow views indicated by Lord LYVEDEN'S speech on the Guarantee Bill are quite certain, whenever an emergency arises, to be scouted in favour of the more generous policy which the Duke of BUCKINGHAM and Earl RUSSELL, as representing both parties in the State, so warmly supported, and to which the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, as the chief of the Army, gave his hearty support. All the questions which group themselves about these discussions on the military defence of Canada resolve themselves into this one—Shall Canada remain British, or merge into the United States? Those who talk most learnedly of the advantages of independence know that this will never be the end. Once cast loose from England, Canada's destiny is to add new territory to the most grasping of modern States. Such a contingency is regarded with horror by the vast majority of every nationality and every class in the colony; and under these circumstances it cannot be honourably contemplated—and, if the Canadians do but play their part with vigour and heartiness, it never will be seriously contemplated—by this country.

There are some considerations, however, which the colonists will do well to lay to heart. Now that we are entering upon new relations, we may without offence speak of shortcomings on their side which in the past have tended greatly to strengthen the hands of the separatist party here. In discussing the means to be employed for the defence of the Canadian frontier, we have not always, in England, made sufficient allowance for the comparative poverty, both in men and material, of the North American Colonies. They have now a population of nearly 4,000,000, politically united, but they are scattered over a territory so extended as greatly to embarrass all attempts at defence. But, on the other hand, every candid Canadian will admit that there has not been on their side that alacrity to make sacrifices for their own protection which is the indispensable condition of a successful resistance to attack. No one ever doubted that Canadians would fight when called upon, or that, if properly organized, they would fight as well as they did in the old wars. But, to be ready for whatever may occur, they must not only have stomach for a fight, but they must submit to the burden of previous preparation. A country that is willing to fight, but will neither train an army nor pay for its maintenance, has a poor chance in these days of enormous military preparation. Canada never altogether deserved this reproach, but she showed a disposition to cast the burden of preliminary preparation upon the Mother-country, which supplied to the separatist party their only argument, if it was not the sole cause of their existence. Canadians have justified this temper by suggesting doubts as to the heartiness with which this country would come to their aid in case of attack. But it is time that all suspicion and all lukewarmness should cease. Whatever speculative orators may say,

there is not a shadow of doubt that, whenever required, England will acknowledge her obligation to put out her whole strength in aid of colonial defence; and no policy could be so injurious to Canada as an attempt to fix by specific conventions the precise amount of aid, whether in money or men, which Great Britain ought to give for the protection of her great colony. In time of war a more generous spirit on both sides would sweep away all traces of this higgling temper, and the true interests of Canada will be best promoted by a hearty effort on her part to do all that is in her power, without calculating too nicely whether she might not be able to make out a plausible case for assistance towards the expenses of a fortification or the equipment of an army.

An early occasion will test the spirit in which the Canadians are prepared to accept their new responsibilities. An old engagement to put Montreal in a state of defence has been plausibly enough postponed until the final establishment of the Confederation; and they owe it to themselves to enter upon the work in an ungrudging spirit. There has been the same reluctance during the transition period to incur the expense of a proper organization of the Militia and Volunteers on a scale suited to the requirements of the country. Either as a Militiaman or a Volunteer, every inhabitant of a country situated as Canada is, with a long unprotected frontier, and a neighbour who cannot abstain from protesting against the improvement of her internal organization, ought to have some measure of military training. If these duties are undertaken with spirit, Canada will soon find that her own action has extinguished the party that clamours for separation, and she will obtain, in case of need, far more than an equivalent support from this country (whether it may be wanted in men or money, or in both) than she could ever secure by the most ingenious pleas for getting the preliminary work done at the expense of England. Without canvassing the justice of past claims on either side, what we say to the Canadians is that a frank ungrudging effort for their own defence is the only policy that will pay.

If the Canadians in these matters should show that spirit of self-sacrifice in which they have, justly or unjustly, been thought to be somewhat wanting, we see no limit to the benefits which Confederation may bring both to them and to the whole Empire. As the notion of allowing the colonies to be ultimately absorbed by the United States gradually dies out—which, with the help of the Canadians, it is certain to do—there are abundant indications that its place will be taken by the sounder theory of a real absorption of these and our other colonies into a common federation with the whole Empire, under which every separate dominion shall in peace and war be a help to every other. The physical difficulties that once would have rendered a political union on so colossal a scale absolutely impossible are now in great part removed; and if the disposition to bring about a closer connexion exists, as we believe it does in Canada, there is no assignable reason why the colonies should not take their part in sending representatives, if not to our Parliament as at present constituted, at any rate to some council whose function it should be to consider matters in which Great Britain and her dependencies have a common interest. The original theory of commercial union as the bond between the different sections of the Empire passed away, at any rate in its primary sense, when the doctrines of protection were abandoned. The one-sided theory which followed for a time, by virtue of which this country was to give protection, with no correlative duty on the other side, was necessarily of a provisional character; and it is only in some form of political union closer than that which is afforded by the nomination of a powerless Governor or by the veto of the Crown, that we can see any prospect of a permanent connexion between the centre and the circumference of our scattered Empire. As yet no one would dream of looking to such a result, except as among the possibilities of the future; but it is well to keep before us the undoubted fact that either to this goal or to annexation by a foreign country Canada must ultimately tend. Whether the one or the other will be her fate must depend very largely on the tone by which the Confederacy may be characterized during its early years; and, unless we are greatly misled by all that is said of the loyalty and spirit of the colonists, we see no reason to doubt that their movement will be rather towards a closer union than in the direction of separation.

ITALY AND FRANCE.

THE return of M. RATTAZZI to power has set the Continent wondering whether, in the event of future complications between France and Europe, the Italians intend to play an

ambitious part. The bold policy of CAVOUR has hitherto proved successful. By acting as auxiliary to stronger Powers than herself, Italy has twice been able to turn the scale of victory in favour of her allies, and to obtain as her reward a material accession of territory, of position, and of prestige. General LA MARMORA, in a recent speech, told the world part of the secret history of the late alliance between the Cabinets of Florence and Berlin. As early as 1861 the idea of a Prusso-Italian league against Austria had occurred to himself, was suggested by him to Count BISMARCK, and actually received the sanction of the great CAVOUR. After five years of expectation, the moment arrived last summer when the Italians were able to repeat the strategy of 1859 against their old enemy, but in concert with a new friend; and thus to win Venice, as well as Lombardy, for themselves. It has been suggested in like manner that the real cause of RICASOLI's fall is a growing suspicion on the part of the French EMPEROR that the Ex-Premier, profiting by experience, was not altogether incapable of driving a hard bargain with the French in case of a war upon the Rhine. There are Italians who have never forgiven or forgotten the annexation of Savoy and Nice, and who would not be disinclined to urge that France might reasonably pay for assistance in 1867 the price which she exacted in 1859. And, apart from the question of Nice, there is looming in the distance the still more important question of Rome. A war between France and Prussia might be the signal for the downfall of the POPE. Whether ideas of this sort entered or not into the brain of RICASOLI no one can tell, but at all events it is clear that the collapse of his Ministry was sudden. JOVE thundered out of a clear sky. The elections were just over; no hostile sentiment had as yet been manifested by the new Chamber; the Ministry had scarcely begun to grapple with the financial difficulties they had promised to solve; yet suddenly and inexplicably Baron RICASOLI ceased to be Prime Minister, nor have subsequent interrogations been able to extract a single syllable of explanation upon the subject, either from the outgoing or the incoming Government. RICASOLI declines to say why he went out. RATTAZZI cannot, consistently with the public interests, state why he comes in. It is not therefore wonderful if there have been rumours of subterranean intrigues between Paris and Florence, and if the *Gazette de France*, braving the terrors of a possible Government prosecution, informed its readers last week that the first action of M. RATTAZZI since his advent to power has been to assure France that the Italians would place the interests of the old ally of 1859 before those of the new ally of 1866.

It is quite conceivable that all these rumours may be the merest mare's-nest. Baron RICASOLI's resignation can be accounted for without any such violent conjectures. The hypothesis of a personal dissension on the subject of the finances, between the late Minister and his Sovereign, would be sufficient to explain the mysterious silence which all parties seem resolved to maintain about the proximate causes of his withdrawal. The notion, moreover, that any Italian statesman has seriously contemplated, in the event of a Prussian war, to espouse the cause of Prussia against France, is much too improbable to be entertained. We cannot doubt that the feeling of Italy would be against the step; nor is it credible that it should have been seriously proposed. It is far more probable that RICASOLI may have shown symptoms of a disposition to hold aloof from the French EMPEROR's favourite project of a triple alliance between France, Italy, and Austria; or of a determination to look upon the first cannon fired on the Rhine as a signal that the Roman peril at last was ripe. Without spending time over the investigation of what is as yet mysterious and insoluble, it is important to observe the real leverage which a Prussian war would give any Italian Government upon the subject of Rome. The wars of the strong are the opportunities of the weak. Simultaneously with the Luxemburg alarm, the news reaches us of increased activity among the party of the Roman Revolution. Committees with avowed anti-Papal objects sit in permanence at Florence. General GARIBALDI appears to be restless and unquiet, and the party of action is supposed to be on the alert. The Italian Revolution is aware of its chances, and is not going to let pass the occasion of a conflict between the Prussians and the French. At such a moment an Italian Premier who would come to no satisfactory arrangement with France must be disagreeable in the extreme to NAPOLEON III. The probability is that the EMPEROR is by no means disinclined at this moment to a compromise upon the subject of Rome. It would relieve him of an anxiety, and perhaps a danger. Until there is a settlement

one way or the other of the difficulty, the balance of power in Europe cannot be rearranged as NAPOLEON III. wishes to arrange it. The aims and interests of Austria, Italy, and France will continue to diverge; and the existence of a standing bone of contention in the Catholic world is as fatal to the prospect of an *entente cordiale* between France and Austria, as to that of a thorough alliance between France and Italy. What NAPOLEON III. naturally desires is a compromise upon his own terms. The Italians, however, have yet to be persuaded to accept his terms; and although M. RATTAZZI proposes to occupy himself exclusively with the finances and with internal affairs, it would not be surprising to find him busily employed in negotiation about the temporal power, nor ought even the intelligence of a fresh and startling Convention to take the world altogether by surprise.

It cannot be said that Rome is to France the source of military and political weakness that Venice has of late years been to Austria. For the sake of Rome the Italians would not, we think, help to conquer Alsace for Germany. But if the French EMPEROR is preparing for the contingency of a great struggle with the new German Empire, he will himself, and for his own sake, want his hands free. And it is his interest to settle betimes, and while he can do it without loss of honour, a troublesome question which the Italians might insist on settling without him when he was once fairly embarked on a Prussian campaign. There remains the problem whether it is for the interest of Italy to be in a hurry. If war breaks out in Europe, time is on the side of the Italians. The Italian Government will have to consider this point carefully, and possibly M. RATTAZZI has, among other things, re-entered the Cabinet to consider it. In the present troubled state of the Continental barometer, it is impossible to feel confident that a change of Ministry at Florence means nothing but the substitution of one financier for another. It is not necessary to assume that a departure from the strictest neutrality has been even thought of by a single Italian statesman. M. RATTAZZI has gone out of his way to assure the country that he means to busy himself with domestic questions alone; but Rome is a domestic question, and the time may have come for France heartily to desire that the Roman question was expunged from the catalogue of European questions. The internal difficulties of legislation with which the new RATTAZZI Cabinet has to deal are no doubt the most formidable in reality of any; but, in spite of this and of all M. RATTAZZI's protestations, it is on his foreign policy that, during the next month, the eyes of Europe will be fixed.

UNTHRIFT OF TIME.

ONE very often finds that the people who are most thrifty in affairs of money are guilty of the most habitual unthrift in the husbanding and disposal of time. Thrift may be said to consist in getting money's worth for money spent. The same virtue may plainly exist in connexion with time. Money for which you fail to get some due equivalent is in so far wasted. Lapse of time which brings you nothing is wasted in the same sense. Fools allow their money, or some of it, to slip through their fingers without getting a morsel of good out of it. And time, too, is thus allowed to slip away without being forced to surrender some advantage, not by fools only, but by a good many who pass for wise folk, and who in truth are rather wise. The students at St. Andrews were recently warned, not how short life is, but "how much shorter we make it by the time we waste on things which are neither business, nor meditation, nor pleasure." It is really startling to reflect how true this is even of men and women who know most thoroughly the value of time, and are most careful that none of it escapes without giving up and leaving behind something wholesome and profitable. A thorough appreciation of the worth of time means neither more nor less than a just estimate of the things which are worth seeking and possessing; and the vexation which a sensible person feels over wasted time only means that he has been compelled to pursue something which he does not desire nor deem in any way worth pursuing. In this country particularly, but in some degree perhaps all over the world, there is an absurd and downright pestilent notion that time devoted to pleasure is almost, if not altogether, wasted; or, in other words, that pleasure is an object which we ought to be ashamed, rather than otherwise, of caring much about or running much after. Dull blockheads often affect a grand contempt for pleasure, and they are certainly consistent in steadily abstaining from making any addition to the existing stock of pleasure already in the world. Pleasure is in itself quite as just and worthy an object of pursuit as business, and probably not less than three-fourths of the time that is given to business are only not wasted because success in business is, or ought to be, a stepping-stone to increased opportunities of pleasure and enjoyment. The patent evil, however, is that the level of pleasure is ordinarily placed a great deal lower than it

need be. People incapable of the better and higher states of mind that may be classified as pleasurable seem somehow or other to have the power of fixing the average social standard; and it follows that everybody who knows the value of time, and feels the worthlessness of the kind of diversion established in conformity to this standard, consciously shortens his life in following something which he does not want and which does him no good. How many miserable men every night in London at this time of year consume time, at routs and other inscrutably devised social gatherings, which would have sufficed for the acquisition of a new language, or of a fair knowledge of chemistry or geology, or of intelligible and coherent views on politics. But, it is said, men live for something else besides chemistry and Greek plays; they do not choose to have the world turned into a gigantic and compulsory kind of Mechanics' Institution. This is perfectly just, only nobody that we have ever heard of desires to make society a big schoolroom. If social diversions were really diversions, they would have a just place in the scheme of things. But standing in a crowd of people whom you do not care about and who do not care about you, who have nothing whatever to say to you and who do not want to listen to anything that you may have to say, to have to hearken to simpering songs and feeble fiddling, or perhaps to have to make talk, that most truly terrible of processes—is this, or anything like this, to pass for diversion? After all, it is better even to turn the world into a big schoolroom than to keep it as a big baby-house, or bore's paradise. Perhaps it is true that no man can keep his mind wholesome without mixing a good deal with his fellows. But there is all the difference in the world between real intercourse and this trumpery pretence of intercourse. The mere sight of a crowd of people in a drawing-room can do one no good in any way. It does not refresh one, nor please one, nor suggest anything to one. A sensible person would do better to live in a hut in a wood, and subsist on dried pulse and water, than buy society at this cost, or shorten life by this tiresome method.

Take a large portion of all the conversation that an ordinary man has to take a share in. It does not lead to anything, and is not business. It does not entertain us or recruit us, and is not pleasure. We might just as well spend the time in whipping tops or playing at marbles. There is no exercise of any of the faculties, except that of patience perhaps, and therefore a good game at tops or marbles would be much better. A consideration like this shows how merely conventional our ideas are. If we heard that a young man or a young woman spent four or five hours every day in whipping a top, we should think such a waste of time severely culpable. As it is, we do not think of an equally purposeless set of habits as involving any waste of time at all, or as being in the least blameworthy in themselves. It would be a palpable folly to suppose that all conversation ought to be of that terrible kind which is usually said to be improving. It would be a sad day when every dinner-table should be constituted into a little Social Science Congress or British Association. It would be a great pity too if flirtations and jestings, and all those other pastimes which the rigid sum up as levity, were banished from society. Anything is endurable except sheer stagnation. Every five minutes of stagnation are just as much waste as lighting a cigar with a five-pound note or tossing money into the river; and the more a man either thrusts himself, or, what is more common, allows himself to be dragged, into positions where this stagnation prevails, the more open he is to the weighty charge of unthrift in a commodity where unthrift can never be repaired.

In country towns there is a superstitious conviction that it is a social duty to allow yourself to stagnate for an hour or an evening whenever anybody requires this sacrifice of you. The same idea prevails, more or less, everywhere, even among tolerably intelligent people. If anybody persecutes you with proffers of hospitality and entertainment, you are pronounced an ungracious churl should you venture to decline or to resist such barbarously cruel kindness. Yet it is not, we fancy, considered to be a social duty to give a guinea to any person who is so odd as to consider it a favour to demand one from you. Nobody would be thought ungracious, or a churl, for refusing to squander his money in this inexplicable and unfruitful fashion. Why is it that nobody is ashamed to require one to squander time in unprofitable profusion, and that, in the matter of time, Catiline's practice in the matter of money would be thought a great deal less shameful, or perhaps not shameful at all—*sui profusus, alieni appetens*? Perhaps the secret of the difference may be, that to ask for a neighbour's time for social exercises does not look quite so selfish as to ask for his money. If you ask him to stagnate for two or three hours, you also mean to stagnate by his side for the same time. Can anything be fairer or more thoroughly impartial? The truth is that people do not know the sacrifice which, in a man with any approach to purpose in life, these intervals of deliberate stagnation imply. The man himself only knows it when, at the end of a month or three months, he counts up the hours in which, to all intents and purposes, he has ceased to exist, ceased to grow, ceased alike to receive or to impart ideas or emotions, or to be conscious of any play of any single faculty. It is true that certain moods of sheer passivity are eminently valuable, and the time of the duration of such moods is very far from being mere waste. Perhaps no part of life, in modern times especially, is less of the nature of waste. But the process of stagnating along with a number of fellow-creatures is not sheer passivity. On the contrary, its dulness and deadness are highly irritating; and the

languor which creeps over the victim is of a sordid and embarrassing kind, which leaves him exhausted and depressed, instead of recruited. Surely a man might be excused for reflecting at the end of a season on all that he has endured, and on all that he might have done in the same time if friendly persecutors had only allowed him to rest in peace.

Besides the mysterious and indefensible claims of society, men too often allow themselves to be led captive by small worries and obscure little cares. A man may, at his proper peril of course, resist the claims of society over him, but he can never quite escape from little fretting troubles, to say nothing of the greater ones. But most people no doubt give much more time to these small troubles than they deserve. They think, and rightly, that because they are troubles they have a claim to attention; but all turns on the question of how much. A great many persons surrender themselves body and soul to paltry cares. They are like a man who should squander a fortune on toys. It would be thought very thrifless to pay a guinea in open market for something which might have been got for half-a-crown. Why should not the same degree of censure attach to those who fail to make their troubles as light and cheap as they can—to beat them down to the lowest possible figure, and to say, like the buyer, *It is nought, it is nought?* There is every degree of difference in the ways in which people take their minor cares. One man will be as much thrown out of the stoical groove by a bad dinner or a poorish bottle of wine as another by the loss of three parts of his fortune in a broken bank. Another will lose a whole day in lamentations over the sickness of a horse, or the presence of rain when he desired sunshine. A moderate vexation is justified. Anything more than this is waste. Moralists and sermonizers, whether amateur or professional, insist that this exaggeration of sentiment is wrong and wicked, and so on. It would surely be a more effective argument with the majority of mankind to point out what a waste disproportionate attention to small vexations really signifies. People attach rather vague notions to what is called wrong. But everybody knows exactly what you mean by thrift, whether of money or of opportunities. Nearly everybody, too, cares for something, wishes to have something, and finds pleasure in doing something, over and above all other things. If people are made to see, and to get into the habit of seeing, that prolonged worrying over matters which worrying cannot repair is an extravagant waste of time which would carry them a long way in their favourite business, they are far more likely to train themselves to something like a duly proportioned fortitude. The vulgar mind, with the poorest set of preferences, may shrink from sheer profitless waste of chances of gratifying and improving and increasing its preferences. Perhaps some of the best class of minds are not so acute as they will be one day in discerning how much that passes for useful disposal of time is in truth mere spendthrift prodigality.

TAIL-LASHING.

EVERY now and then the young lions of certain daily papers may be seen performing an operation which is exceedingly interesting and instructive to the lookers-on. Some subject is served out to them like the Kohinoor diamond, or Queen Elizabeth's martingale, or an Elgin marble, or an Egyptian brick, or a Byzantine coin. What the young lion has got to do is, not to write an archaeological treatise on it, but simply to stand over it for a column or two in a spirit of piety and virtue, and to lash his tail. If it is the Kohinoor diamond, he begins by recapitulating, in a tone of racy familiarity with Greek and Latin authors, all the great diamonds that have ever existed since the world began; intermingling his narrative with quotations from Homer, Hesiod, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Virgil, Plautus, Terence, and dashing off a few airy allusions to Plato's cave, the silver mines of Laurium, Corinthian heteræ, Cleopatra's pearls, the Arabian nights, and Marie Antoinette's necklace. When he has finished lashing his tail over the catalogue, all that he has to do is to come back to the Kohinoor. There it is—the Kohinoor. It is *not* the nugget which has been extracted by pale Seythian slaves, to the sound of a Greek overseer's whip, from the dark abysses of Laurium. It is *not* the pearl which the Roman gourmand melted in his snow-cooled honey-sweetened wine. It is *not* one of the famous gems which Horace tells us that he could not afford to keep in his quiet Sabine farm. It is solely and simply the Kohinoor, and this is not the first but the nineteenth century. After achieving such a feat of tail-lashing, the young lion trots quietly home to his companions, till he is wanted again on a similar occasion of importance. This last week there has been a splendid opportunity for the tail-lashers. A jar containing some pure water has recently been excavated at Pompeii, hermetically sealed with a crust of hardened cinder and ashes; and the subject of its discovery has been given over to the most classical of the young lions, to see what he can make of it. And, though one might have expected a good deal, it must be admitted that the performance outdoes all anticipation. Not only has he lashed his tail to some purpose in and out of Horace and of Cicero, swept the whole of Tacitus, Sterne, Gibbon, and Lytton Bulwer's *Last Days of Pompeii*, but he has actually managed to get as far as Jerusalem and the Garden of Gethsemane—a *tour de force* undertaken probably out of respect to the fact that this is Passion Week. And finally, in a burst of mingled piety and poetry, he has lashed himself into a sort of maudlin consideration of his own immortal pro-

spects, and discovered in this little amphora of Pompeii a new and refreshing argument in favour of the immortality of the soul. This final exploit is a theological achievement of much promise. In these days of religious doubt and difficulty, a writer who can draw a proof of immortality out of a stone jar is a far more astonishing and useful performer than a conjuror who gets into a bottle. This the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph* have done, and it is pleasant to think that the million is being instructed by writers who are not only popular but moral.

"Who will not pause a little," says the young lion of the amphora, "in the fret and fever of our restless Present, to let this vase of ancient water take our thoughts back to the Past?" To such an invitation there is only one reply possible, and that is the same reply as the old Duke of Cambridge used to make in the invitations to prayer of the Litany and the Morning Service. Certainly, by all means let us go back to the Past, and traverse the whole tract of antiquity under the guidance of the tail-lasher. And, first, it is to be observed that the water dates back indubitably from the day of the eruption of Vesuvius. This fact supplies the essayist with a simile. This vase is "like a lachrymatory of nature—the tears of the fair country kept in a bottle for all the bright life slain on that awful day." Most people will agree in thinking that this simile, whatever its merits, is beyond all question a most powerful one. In the language of Mr. Weller senior, it more than "merges on the poetical." To conceive of a casual stone jar holding anybody's tears is bold—very bold; but when it comes to holding the tears of nature the idea is more than bold—it is sublime. The way in which the audacious writer proceeds to complete the train of reflection which he has so auspiciously begun reminds one of the way in which Mr. Shandy, by the use of the single idea of a white bear and of an unlimited supply of auxiliary verbs, proposed to teach his son Tristram all the mysteries of the universe. It was Mr. Shandy's opinion that, if the auxiliary verbs were only rightly used and applied, no one idea ever could enter a child's brain but a magazine of conceptions and conclusions might be drawn forth from it. And, to illustrate this fact, Mr. Shandy started with the apparently barren idea of a "white bear":—

A WHITE BEAR. Very well. Have I ever seen one? Might I ever have seen one? Am I ever to see one? Ought I ever to have seen one? or can I ever see one?

Would I had seen a white bear!

If I should see a white bear, what should I say? If I should never see a white bear, what then?

If I never have, can, must, or shall, see a white bear alive—have I ever seen the skin of one? Did I ever see one painted—described? Have I never dreamed of one?

Did my father, mother, uncle, aunt, brothers, or sisters, ever see a white bear? What would they give? How would they behave? How would the white bear have behaved? Is he wild? Tame? Terrible? Rough? Smooth?

Is the white bear worth seeing?

Is there no sin in it?

Is it better than a black one?

The essayist and philosopher of the *Daily Telegraph* substitutes of course the idea of a stone jar for that of a white bear; and, adding classical names as a sort of flavour, leads off, precisely on the same principle, with questions equally unanswerable and a result equally delicious:—

A VASE OF ANCIENT WATER! What was the fate, we wonder, of the slave who filled the urn at the fountain? For what merry banquet was it charged to mix with purple Falernian, or to pour, along with odours, upon the hands of the guests when they rose from meat to hear the flute-players pipe under the olives?

Or was it brimmed for the toilet of some Oscan beauty, (!) and set half-used, ready to bathe her dark eyes again, and wash the dust from her hair, when, flushed with love-making and the sight of blood, she came at night from the gladiators?

Or perchance it was an amphora of some little marble temple, and what is wanting of its contents was poured out to lave the victim's blood away from an altar of Artemis, or of Hercules who built the city.

These soul-awakening questions have the merit, like those about the white bear, of being totally insoluble. The fate of the slave, the dust on the Oscan beauty's hair, and the imaginary victim's blood are too much for ordinary scholars, and one can only admire the breathless rapidity of the pace at which we are carried along. Yet the young lion is not even out of breath with this startling achievement, but urges on his wild career with unabated vigour. The next question he puts to himself is an equally difficult one. What were people all talking about when the water was drawn for the jar? Difficult as it may seem, the young lion grapples with the problem, and solves it in a manner equally creditable to his head and heart, as well as appropriate to the Holy Week in which we are:—

They were talking, be sure, of the terrible siege just over at Jerusalem, where the Fratorians had trampled the Holy of Holies with their iron sandals, and fire had run along the lips of Kedron from Gethsemane to Siloam. The water, if it could be conscious, has heard almost the first talk about The One who spoke in Cana, when water blushed obedient into wine; it has heard the sages and priests of these pretty sinful towns discuss together the new strange doctrine that had come out of Galilee, which made common men braver than Thrasea Pactus, killed a score of summers ago by Nero—that Pactus who poured the libation of his life blood to Jove the Deliverer, and died with a merry moral on his tongue; which made even women braver than Paulina, Seneca's wife, she who out of love and pride, not twenty years back, opened her veins along with her husband, and, narrowly saved from death, was still living and known at Rome as the bloodless lady.

Considering that the water (as we have been already informed) was only drawn on the day of the eruption of Vesuvius, it must

have mixed pretty largely in theological society in the course of a single forenoon to have heard all this before it was finally bottled up as a lachrymatory of nature; and the priests and sages must have been nimble in conversation to have dispatched all the talk about Kedron and Gethsemane before starting for the gladiators. This, however, is not the real point. What is most astounding is the brazen boldness with which the young lion of the *Daily Telegraph* (*à propos*, as far as we can see, of nothing) has got into type his stock of dictionary information about Thrasea Petus, and Paulina, the bloodless lady. A casual observer would have thought that we were safe at all events from Thrasea Petus, who by no possible stretch of imagination can be conceived of having any connexion with the Pompeian stone jar. And not even a prophet (unless inspired) could have foreseen the allusion to the bloodless Paulina. But the fact that both Thrasea Petus and Paulina have been called in gives one an awful idea of the power of genius. After this feat, nothing of course is impossible. Socrates' demon, the eagle that let fall a stone on Pindar's skull, the quail of Alcibiades, and Nero's riddle, may come in anywhere, whether the subject is Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill or the Paris Exhibition. If the stone that broke Pindar's skull does not appear in the article about the stone jar, Pindar himself does. And after him comes Horace, Lydia and Chloe by his side:—

Why, it is water which might have shaken to vesicles of the Greek boys in Pompeii, chorusing old Pindar's famous Olympian ode in praise of water; while the song of Horace, "O fons Bandusia, splendor vitro," was positively at the time almost the newest thing out in Alerica for the Lydias and Chloes to sing to their citharas. Here is the water still;—but Lydia and Chloe?

Without pausing to discuss the present condition of Lydia and Chloe—a condition which Lord Westbury perhaps has done his best to alleviate—we pass on to observe the astounding transition which the youthful lion of the *Daily Telegraph* has made from Pompeii to Pindar's Olympian ode. The only possible link between the two is that the Pompeian jar holds water, and that Pindar's ode praises water. But even this link is wanting when he travels to Horace's sonnet to the fountain of Bandusia. Except so far as it is doubtless possible that some of the matrons of Pompeii may have read Horace, and that Horace undoubtedly did write about Bandusia, which has no more to do with Pompeii than the Thames has to do with Newcastle-upon-Tyne, we confess we cannot see any connexion between the two. The one thing to be said about the allusion to Lydia and Chloe is that it is fully as apposite as the allusion to Hadrian and Trajan which follows next in order. Those who left the jar and fled, we are informed, "if they saved their lives at all were dead, long dead" before Trajan and Hadrian reigned, a fact which, if it were even chronologically unimpeachable, would scarcely supply ground for prolonged reflection. That all of them had passed into the domain of history upon the advent of "Constantine the Great" is a truth which nobody can deny, but which seems only worth stating for the sake of indicating the author's familiarity with the name of Constantine. Upon such a system it is easy to go on multiplying moral reflections for ever. Even Constantine the Great passes away before Justinian, and before "that" Theodosia whose vices and genius have survived in the luminous pages of Gibbon. Great as was Theodosia, she passed away before the age of Charlemagne; and Charlemagne, with all his glories, did not live to see the day of St. Louis and the Crusades. When one has once entered on this improving train of thought, the only difficulty is to know when to stop; and if the *Daily Telegraph* stops at Constantine the Great, considerable credit is due to it for its moderation and self-restraint.

The *Daily Telegraph*, however, only stays its bright course of imagination at Constantine in order to retrace its steps to ancient Greece. The amphora of water is a stone jar. A stone jar reminds the *Daily Telegraph* very naturally of an urn. And an urn, by an equally unimpeachable transition, calls up the idea of the funeral urn in the *Electra* of Sophocles. Just as the jar holds water the urn held dust; and there is this further striking contrast between them, that one is a funeral urn and the other is not. In working out this obvious simile, we regret to say the young lion of the *Daily Telegraph*, though classical and poetical, is a little obscure:—

To think of the urn of water is to have the sad words of *Electra* come up to the mind in that most mournful passage of the Greek play, where she stands with her brother's funeral urn in her hands, and weeps over the handful of white dust. But here is suggested a comfort; for all the while that she mourns, her brother Orestes is standing by and smiling at her error. The great poets are very wise. Life does not die, though we grieve over the only relics left of it. In new and bright disguises—not penetrated yet, but to be perceived with a sudden joy, like *Electra's* when she turns and lets fall the foolish urn (!)—we shall all find that the Past lives, and laughs at our happy wonder, like Orestes.

Of this remarkable though complicated passage there are only two possible explanations. Either it is a literal translation of a German transcendentalist, in which case everything is accounted for, or the young lion wrote it after dinner. The happy wonder of the Present, at which the Past laughs, like Orestes, completely beats us. What it has to do with a funeral urn, or, if it had, what the urn could possibly have in common with a water-bottle, is an inscrutable mystery which we hope and trust the million can appreciate, though we do not. It is, however, from this that the young lion triumphantly proceeds to a vindication of the immortality of the soul, in language which, as it is wholly unintelligible, is, we believe, replete with profound philosophy:—

If water can live two thousand years . . . life must live, though the surety in thought appears a paradox in experience.

What is a surety in thought, what is a paradox in experience, and why the one appears to be the other, is a problem which we can only hope somebody or other may be able to comprehend. If the young hero himself comprehends it, he is a very clever creature. At any rate it is to be supposed that his readers like, if they do not understand, this sort of literary fustian. It pays, we suppose, to write it; and it must not be forgotten that philosophy for the million, like all philosophy, begins possibly in wonder. It is seldom perhaps that a tail-lasher does so much in so brief a space. So classical a writer doubtless soliloquizes in Latin at the very least, and when all was over we can imagine him saying to himself in the language of Cicero:—"Ego autem ipse, Di boni! quomodo *ἐκκρίνωμαι* novis auditoribus! Si unquam mihi *παιδοί*, si *καπραι*, si *ἰδιώματα*, si *κατασκευαί* suppeditaerunt, illo tempore." No greater effort of tail-lashing has ever been made. In times when Latin verses are dying out of our Universities and being suppressed at our public schools, it is delightful to think that so much rare and ripe scholarship, and such varied allusions to all sorts of authors, may be had at the corners of the streets for one penny.

TRADES' UNIONS.

THE literature and politics of the English working-man's life are likely to provide an increasing fund of instruction and information for those classes of society which, unfortunately for themselves, stand beyond that magic pale. However unhappy we may be in our inability to worship, perhaps even to appreciate, the virtues of the higher life which has hitherto lain latent in that noblest specimen of humanity, we cannot be indifferent to the process by which he impresses us with a sense of his power and importance. Fortunately, a kind of literature which is the peculiar product of this century enlightens us as to the principles by which the contemporary working-man is guided when he does us the honour of laying our bricks, planing our floors, mending our gas-pipes, or plastering our walls. From blue-book reports might be compiled a tolerably accurate representation of his general conduct towards his employers and the public; but no one blue-book will give so lively a notion of his theory and his practice as that which will embody the evidence collected by the Royal Commission on Trades' Unions. Of this the small portions which have already leaked out are sufficient to excite our curiosity, if not our apprehensions, respecting the future relations of employer and employed, capital and labour, supply and demand.

There was a time, and that not so very long ago, when the following were deemed axioms both of morals and economics—that a workman's employment must depend upon certain conditions; the demand for his work, the number of men ready and able to perform it, and their relative capacity. If there was only a small quantity of work to be done and many hands to do it, then some would find employment and others would miss it. Again, if some men worked in a poor and slovenly fashion, while others worked cleverly and quickly, the latter secured more rapid and more lucrative engagements than the former. But now all this is changed. Neither the amplitude of the demand, nor the redundancy of the supply, nor the quality of the work can materially affect the number of the men who are employed or the amount of the wages which they earn. A method has been devised of diffusing a moderate degree of employment among a large body of men, and adjusting the remuneration which they receive, not to the value of their performances, but to the measure of their wants. By the simple process of banding together, the sons of toil can defeat the action of recognized economic laws. By the creation of a large insurance fund they can supply the wants not only of the sick, the maimed, and the unemployed, but of those who cannot get work on their own terms and refuse it on any other terms. They can wear out the patience and the resources of employers, whose credit and whose existence depend on the promptness and punctuality with which their contracts are executed. We have on a former occasion given some details respecting the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters. The evidence which Mr. Harnott gives of the Friendly Society of Operative Masons is equally instructive. That Society consists of more than 17,000 members, and has an income of more than 17,000*l.*, with a balance in hand of more than 12,000*l.* It discharges some of the laudable functions of an ordinary Benefit Society. It gives relief to its sick, and contributes to the funeral expenses of its dead members. But it does not, any more than the Amalgamated Carpenters' Association, confine its objects to those of a Benefit Society. It prescribes the minimum rate of wages, and imposes a fine on those members who accept less. It forbids piece-work, and subjects the member who does it to the same penalty as the man who accepts the inferior wages. It actively discourages the employment of apprentices and improvers, because that interferes with the labour of the journeymen. That on which we have already remarked, in examining the rules of the Amalgamated Carpenters, comes out with equal vividness in the rules of the Operative Masons. Both Societies seem to look upon the whole world as composed entirely of the masters and labourers of their respective crafts; each of them wholly disregards the general community. The Society men combine to get the most they can out of the master-builders or master-carpenters, but seem to forget that what comes out of the latter must first

come out of the general public. When, advertizing to the last-named rule, Mr. Roebuck asked, "Why should you interfere with me when building a cheap house, so as to prevent my building it cheaply?" the only answer he extracted was to the effect that such was the custom of the trade; and when he pursued the question further, the witness could only reply that the pecuniary loss of any private person who was forced to build a house dearly, instead of cheaply, was perhaps less than the loss which the labourer might sustain by having to build a house at lower wages than the present system secures for him. So that one of the first fruits of Unionism is to impose a tax on every person who has to employ the services of a builder and contractor.

This is a general grievance, and affects the whole of the public. There is another grievance which is as injurious to the men themselves as it is to the public. Formerly it used to be a subject of pride to an English workman to ply his tools more deftly than his mates. It was not a matter of mere abstract pride. It was a gain to him and his family, for which he and they were thankful. The man to whom nature had given more brains or more taste than to others, and the man who worked hard to enlarge the knowledge and sharpen the talent and perfect the skill which he possessed, used, for the advantage of their children, gifts which every one recognised and rewarded. All this, too, is changed by the levelling tyranny of Unionism, which is as impatient of individual superiority as a military autocrat is of an independent noblesse. Under its iron sway no workman is allowed to be juster in perception, neater in hand, more delicate in touch, or more finished in execution, than another; or, if he is so, he is to be exactly as if he were not so, in respect to remuneration. Neither is he to be stronger, or more capable of doing work rapidly, than others. If he is, he is not to use that strength so as to eclipse the merits of his fellow-workmen. The Society knows what ought to be the "average" work of an "average" man, and fines the ardent labourer who ventures to transcend the limit. This "chasing" rule is aimed, and aimed successfully, at any feeling of ambition or of honesty which the workman may entertain. If a man is stronger and more active than his fellow-workers, he is neither to earn higher wages by doing more work than they, nor to satisfy his own standard of adequate work; but he must stunt himself down to a standard accommodated to the capacities of weaker and more sluggish men. A man who used his strength so as to do more work in a given time than the Society considers competent to "average" men would be fined, and placed on a "black list," until the pressure of Union men would compel his employers to get rid of him. This the Unionists do not seem to think is persecution. And certainly their use of language is very peculiar. They have a nomenclature of which the terms are most funnily appropriated. The extra wages earned by the stronger and more active workman, which they wish to abolish, they adroitly denominate "blood-money"—a term invented to illustrate the strain and tension put upon an "average" body of workmen by one stronger and more industrious than his fellows. The peculiar morality which does not recognise anything wrong in the systematic persecution of a workman, and which nicknames the wages earned by superior capacity "blood-money," is not likely to be shocked at acts of flagrant dishonesty. So far from expressing any disapproval, the Secretary of the Operative Masons rather commends the artful dodge of putting a defective stone in a building, if only it can be done without being detected. Being pressed somewhat on this point, he admitted that perhaps some highly moral man might object to this proceeding; but the objection would not be based upon considerations of honesty; for, as this moralist of the masons remarked, "honesty had nothing to do with it."

The evidence of the Secretary of the Amalgamated Engineers did not disclose any theory of ethics quite so eccentric as this; but, in its main features, this Society resembles the others. It dislikes and punishes individual eminence and aspirations; it crushes by one levelling pressure all efforts of individual energy and skill; it merges the personality of each workman in his membership of the Union. It destroys and stamps out those which used to be the distinctive traits of an English working-man—a love of his work for its own sake; a desire to do it in the best and most complete manner of which it is susceptible; an ambition to better his own condition and that of his children by attaining a reputation among his neighbours for the neatness, quickness, and thoroughness of his performances. For these it has substituted an indifference to excellence and even to thoroughness of work; a degraded and servile acquiescence in the most slovenly and makeshift mode of doing it; a disregard for everything except high wages, beer, and tobacco, and the most lazy and easy way of procuring both. In making this assertion we believe we are not saying more than the Unionists themselves would admit, though probably not exactly in the same words. Indeed one of the Secretaries thus justifies the rule which forbids more than average exertion:—"Those rules are made for men, not for masters. We do not take masters at all into account in the matter; we merely look upon them as men who step in with their capital, and want to get the greatest profit they can out of their capital, and we want to get the greatest profit we can out of our labour."

It never seems to occur to these men that work should bear some proportion to wages, merit to earnings. They are fond of citing the learned professions as instances of Trades' Unions. They say that the Bar and Medicine are Trades' Unions on a large scale.

If they will only study the analogy up to a point beyond that which just suits their own convenience, they will find it unmistakably hostile both to their theory and their practice. Whenever barristers shall conspire to disregard the promptings of ambition or the impulses of advocacy, to limit each other to a certain number of briefs and a certain degree of preparation for them, to throw only an "average" amount of energy and zeal into every case, and to devote only an "average" quantity of time to professional labours; or whenever doctors shall conspire to divide the patients of a neighbourhood into separate allotments, to bestow on each allotment only "average" attention, to save only an "average" proportion from death or permanent disease; then, and not till then, will the Unionists be able to cite the examples of the educated and professional classes in justification of their own maxims. Were it not that the vaunted intelligence of the "sons of toil" rebukes the impertinence of our advice, we would venture to remind the members of these Trades' Unions that, if they really will look to the habits and rules of the learned professions for their own guidance, they will find that neither eminence nor wealth nor fame has been attained by adjusting the measure of labour to the diligence of the most inert, or by regarding the wages of labour as a species of plunder wrung from unresisting helplessness. They will discover that the aims of an honourable ambition have been reached by the honest discharge of duties which were well paid for, and which would not have been paid for at all had they not been honestly discharged. If, in the meantime, it be deemed expedient to devise some means of contending with a despotism which is spreading wider and wider every day, advancing from one trade to another, and from all trades to railways, perhaps it may not be unreasonable to suggest the formation of rival leagues—leagues of which the members shall be bound only to resist dictation, but left free to engage with whatever employers they choose, at whatever rate of wages may be justified by the state of the labour-market, and without any restriction on the use of such talents as Providence may have given them. A body thus constituted might imitate the tactics of the societies with which it competed, by its vigilance in watching the industrial condition of the country, and in despatching its members to fill the vacuum created by an artificial exhaustion. In the majority of crafts we believe this scheme to be quite practicable. Even in those which require some previous training, it is not impossible, when it is the interest of all to have an industrial army in reserve, ready to take the field against the monopolists.

Whether this plan be feasible or not, one thing is plain. Admirable as is the organization of many of these Unions, and laudable as are many of their objects, which they have in common with all Friendly Societies, there can be no doubt that their main object is restraint of trade. No Protectionist of the most extreme school ever dared to recommend and support a monopoly which so avowedly cramps the efforts of the ingenious and industrious, puts the good workman on a level with the bad, encourages poor and slovenly work, and harasses the daily life of the free-born Englishman with a mysterious and vindictive espionage. So long as these conditions endure, Parliament will not be justified in giving legal authority to the *Vehm-gericht* of Unionism.

THE LULL.

SECTARISTS, as they call themselves, are fond of enlarging on the practical and material, though they discard the spiritual, value of the Sabbath; and Easter, too, has not only its religious, but perhaps other, uses. The Dean of Westminster, in a recent sermon, dwelt upon a very refined piece of historical symbolism when he found, in the riot which occurred at the Conqueror's coronation, the commencement of that long series of opposite tendencies in the English mind—always ending, or to end, in some hidden unity and harmony—which at present show themselves in Whigs and Tories, Ritualists and Puritans. Archdeacon Sandford has been improving the Holy Week by making speeches and proposing resolutions at a meeting of the Birmingham Liberal Association last Monday, in which he expresses himself with more strength than spirituality. From all this we are perhaps justified in hoping that the recess dedicated by the Church to religious exercises and thoughts will not be neglected by political men. It is a season of humiliation and self-examination, to be followed by religious joy. Lent and Easter, we are often told, occur in spring, and thus the spiritual adapts itself to the material world. Institutions of this sort may well recommend themselves to the statesman. We have had a fierce and heady fight. There is now a lull; the great Sabbath from party struggle has come, and the soothing season ought to do its work. If the Session were not broken by this fortnight's rest, it would be like the world without a Sunday. And, of all living men, the Easter holidays ought to be most grateful to Mr. Gladstone. It was the bitterest drop in poor Prynne's cup of sorrows that he was debarred from the use of pen and paper in his Jersey imprisonment. But it did him good; and in the end he died a loyalist, and what we should call a Tory. So one fortnight's compulsory abstinence from talk will do Mr. Gladstone a world of good. Six months and Italy brought him last year into perfect mental and moral health, and even two weeks may prove a useful alternative. A visit to Paris is better than nothing; and as Mr. Gladstone is a juror to the Exhibition in the ceramic department, he may meditate on the fragile condition of other

things than porcelain and pottery. In February he headed a party of which any leader might be proud; and now, in mid April, he is hustled and all but lost in the midst of a disorganized and shattered rout. The subject suggests a serious self-examination. Whatever may be the triumph of the Government majority of twenty-one—which, by the way, seems to be twenty-two—it is certainly not due to the superior generalship of Mr. Disraeli. The Ministry have shown us by a happy combination what depths of blundering and mismanagement experienced party leaders can plunge into, who, to the unavoidable opportunities of natural circumstances, add all the resources of skill which an artistic study in going wrong could compass. To have contrived in two months to get rid of their three ablest men, to have revealed through the maladroit candour of Sir John Packington the famous Ten Minutes' revolution in their policy, to have given occasion alike to Mr. Walpole, Lord Robert Montagu, and Sir Stafford Northcote to make such ample exhibitions of themselves, would have been quite enough for any rival but Mr. Gladstone. But if to this we add Mr. Disraeli's generalship and conduct of the campaign, defensive of what he was only going to abandon, and, when offensive, threatening an attack of which he never could satisfy himself whether it was to be real or feigned—ready to change his line in face of the enemy, only he never had a line to change—to say nothing of the secret disaffection and scarcely suppressed mutiny in his own ranks, then the wonder grows why the Ministry did not fall in pieces, or exhale, or cease to be, from the operation of those natural laws which make life and brains necessary to animal existence. Mr. Gladstone, if he had simply done nothing, must have succeeded; but he did a great deal, and he has failed.

We must therefore look to Mr. Gladstone for an account of the present state of things. And it will be found in his own remarkable character. In its littleness and greatness it is hardly appreciated. He is a man of the closet, not of the field. Demosthenes did not make much of it with his harness on. Nothing could be better than the fine patriotic ideal which Mr. Gladstone prescribed to himself at the beginning of the Session. Party and party tactics were to be laid aside; on the common altar of the country all self-seeking was to be abandoned. Everybody had ample reason to bury the dead past; it was on all sides a dreary retrospect of failures, inconsistencies, and vain professions. A vigilant but friendly criticism on details it was the duty of the Opposition to urge, but in a patriotic spirit. No ungenerous use was to be made of the weakness of the Government. If Ministers could anyhow reconcile it to their own sense of personal honour to bring in and pass a Reform Bill, it was not for Reformers, who themselves had failed often enough, to hinder or taunt them. Even if Mr. Gladstone despised the worms, it was not magnanimous to trample on them. Brave words—pious sentiments—amiable resolutions. Only they were nothing more than words, sentiments, and resolutions. When it came to practice his good purposes, Mr. Gladstone found that his way of displaying these virtues was not quite what was expected of him or them. He did not mean to be obstructive, only vigilant; and his notion of practical vigilance was to suspect everything and condemn everything by anticipation. He did not intend to be other than conciliatory; but he always took care to announce that his notion of conciliation was that everybody should do as he told them. He was quite ready to give and take, but he must do all the giving and taking himself. And, to do them only justice, the Ministry scarcely winced at even this indignity. Night after night Mr. Gladstone rose with his questions, his suggestions, his announcements, his instructions, his *ultimata*, and the Treasury Bench blandly smiled. It was not here that Mr. Gladstone failed. He got on well enough with the Government; he was provoking, they were long suffering. It was the Liberals whom he was alienating all the time. They could see well enough that their leader had pledged himself to a policy which he was intellectually, perhaps physically, incapable of carrying out. That policy was a policy of self-restraint; and Mr. Gladstone is incapable of self-restraint. Silence is an impossibility to him; to watch and wait is physical torment to a spirit so excitable and energetic. If he cannot take counsel with the Gods, he must exchange confidences, compliments—talk anyhow—with even Beales and Bradlaugh. And so, carried away by a noble irretention of speech, for six or seven weeks Mr. Gladstone did nothing but interpose, interpellate, interfere, announce, dictate, and prescribe to everybody about everything on every possible—and now and then, as with Beales, impossible—occasion. If it had only vexed his opponents we might have demurred to the taste and judgment of all this. But it told upon his own party more than on the Ministers. Unable to appreciate the relations of time and occasion and persons, Mr. Gladstone showed himself equally lacking in the power to appreciate the relative importance of things. With so very earnest and sincere a person particles became as important as the structure of the epic. To a very keen but microscopic eye a drop of water is as the Kosmos itself. It is as necessary to take your stand on the tail of a rubric as on the creed itself. The thing which is for the instant before Mr. Gladstone is fraught with the interests of this world and the next. He can see it, and all its consequences, but he can see nothing else. Who knows but that, if by some accident the whole density of the earth were to be increased by an additional half-hundred weight, we should all be in chaos within five minutes? Mr. Gladstone must guard against this; he must fence his position against this danger; it is a considerable danger, it is a

possible danger, it is an extant danger, it is an existing danger, an imminent danger, it is a danger which is actually ready to crush us now this very moment. The more he looks at anything the more it rises, swells, expands, and stretches in size and grandeur. And so he is always vehement, always in a towering fit of earnestness and vigour. He selects, as we have been reminded, the Compound Householder. As soon as Mr. Gladstone realized the Compound Householder, all human destinies and duties centred themselves in the Compound Householder. On the Compound Householder he took his stand. Here he would give battle. On this point he would hear of no compromise; he just admitted the possible sincerity of those who demurred to the stupendous magnitude of the last notion which had suggested itself to Mr. Gladstone. With a mild and half-contemptuous scorn he could understand Mr. Locke and Mr. Clay; but listen to them, no never. He had drawn up his instruction, and he must force it down the craven throats of his and all human kind's enemies. Only in delivering the assault he fell on his back.

And now Mr. Gladstone is at the other end of the pole. From the heights of dictation he is floundering in the bogs of despair. He confides his sorrows to the Guildford Reform Association. Who Mr. Brooks may be, and of whom the Guildford Reform Association consists, Mr. Gladstone, we suppose, knows as little as we do. The only rural branch of the League that we happen to be acquainted with has a jobbing tailor for Secretary. Mr. Brooks of Guildford is, we dare say, a very distinguished politician. Anyhow he is good enough and great enough for Mr. Gladstone to spend his Sunday letters upon. And Mr. Gladstone writes to Mr. Brooks in a terribly wounded and depressed spirit. He is all *amort*. He is like Hamlet; he has the task of setting all wrong things right, and he finds out his own weakness and impotence. He is hurt; he is downcast; he has suffered. One would think that he was going to turn Trappist, and to condemn himself to perpetual silence. He is now, he finds, small and of no reputation. He has piped, and the children have not danced; nay, even his friends have forsaken him. He can hardly promise anything; he is not sure that he can do anything, say anything, undertake anything. His faith in himself, which never yet deserted him, is shaking and trembling. He is ready, it would almost seem, to sacrifice that leadership which has only led his army to defeat. And all this the great leader of the great party confides to Mr. Brooks of Guildford. He who dictated to the two hundred and forty a week ago, and at least reduced them to silence, now pours his sorrows into the heart of Brooks of Guildford. To a man in this frame of mind the Easter holidays must do good. Jaded, disappointed, enervated, Mr. Gladstone is very sore, and unfortunately shows how very sore he is. But let him take courage. There is plenty of work in him, and plenty of work to do. It only wants more temper and less talk, for the rest of the Session.

THE DISTRESS IN RATCLIFF.

WE had occasion not long ago to call attention to the work of charity carried on in the neighbourhood of Ratcliff Highway by the Sisterhood of St. Peter's, Brompton Square. When the distress occasioned by the cholera was at its height, the Sisterhood established in the heart of the infected district a Mission-house, mainly supported by the exertions of their patrons and friends, but also assisted by a liberal subsidy from the Mansion-House Relief Fund. It was then, we believe, intended that the Mission, being special and temporary, should cease with the special circumstances which had called it forth; but it has somehow contrived to hold its ground for about nine months, and at the present moment the Sisters have probably more to do than they have ever had. Unhappily they have also less means of doing it. When they started the Mission, money flowed in freely enough from all quarters. The exceptional character of the cholera distress had given a stimulus to the national charity. Its ravages were naturally watched with general anxiety, and its incidents in consequence chronicled so carefully that the "benevolent British public" could not sleep quietly upon it, and British benevolence is usually active enough when it can be kept awake. Not that death by cholera is in itself less pleasant or convenient than death by starvation. If the inhabitants of Ratcliff—who have had no inconsiderable experience of both processes—could be polled, they would probably vote for the former, as more expeditious. But starvation does not enjoy the advantage of being either infectious or new. It is an old story from which the benevolent Briton can take refuge, as from an afternoon sermon, in the sound sleep of the well-fed and the just. So that money, which was plentiful enough when the natives of Ratcliff had the good fortune to be dying of cholera, is very scarce now that they are merely starving. At the earnest request of the Bishop of London and of Mr. Atherton, Incumbent of St. James, Ratcliff, the Sisterhood have resolved to keep up their Mission-house so long as they have a loaf left to give away. But the Mansion-House subsidy has been discontinued; they are sorely pressed for funds; and, unless they can somehow procure an unusually early importation of cholera this spring, or the benevolent public can be induced to reconsider the claims of mere starvation, their work of mercy in Ratcliff must come to an end.

As this result would be one much to be deplored, and as, moreover, the present condition of the inhabitants of Ratcliff,

and similar localities in the East of London, is a matter of national importance—on some grounds not inferior in interest even to cholera—we are rejoiced to see that the attention of other journals has recently been attracted to this Mission of the St. Peter's Sisterhood. We are sure that the British public need only to have sufficiently impressed upon them the deplorable distress existing among their own fellow-countrymen—and that too within a few miles of the wealthiest quarters of London—and assistance will not be long in forthcoming. More than one journal has published appeals for aid, and so far with very satisfactory results; and last Tuesday's *Pall Mall Gazette* contained an admirable account of the scene of the Sisterhood's labours by a writer who had himself gone carefully over the ground described. His description, though some of its details were harrowing enough, was laudably free from any attempt at sensational exaggeration. There are at present in Ratcliff many far worse cases of distress than the one which he cited—namely, that of the engineer who had formerly earned thirty shillings a week, but, having been out of work eleven months, had been compelled to pawn, for the support of a wife and seven children, almost all his property, from the watch which brought him thirty shillings, to the shirt which brought him three-pence. This instance was a good one to select, inasmuch as it illustrates what is perhaps the hardest and certainly the peculiar feature of the distress—its incidence upon thoroughly respectable people, who have hitherto been in the enjoyment of comfort earned by honest industry, and who would only be too glad to resume the work out of which they have been thrown by no fault of their own. Probably the majority of the cases which the Sisters are called on to relieve belong to this class. London Street, in which their Mission-house stands, contains no less than 250 families. As the street is a small one, and the houses of anything but West-end dimensions, the sceptical visitor feels disposed—in the teeth of any number of facts and figures—to question the possibility of so many families being stowed away there, until he is told that no one family, however numerous, occupies, as a rule, more than one room. Father, mother, and, it may be, six or seven children, somehow contrive to sleep together in one bed, and, in the absence of sheets and blankets, which are being taken care of by the pawnbroker, probably find some compensation for the discomfort of overcrowding in the luxury of animal warmth—a luxury all the more prized from the difficulty, in cold weather, of procuring it anywhere but in bed. The plan is cheaper for the moment than either blankets or coals, and unhappily the British labourer has yet to learn how much more it costs him in the long run. Enter one of these rooms at random, and the chances are that you find it tenanted by a dockyard labourer who, like the engineer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, made quite enough to keep himself and family in what they consider comfort until he was thrown out of work. Now all the work he can get is the dignified employment for Lord Palmerston's *Civis Romanus* of oakum-picking at the workhouse, and this procures each hungry child a slice of bread. If the wife is a good needlewoman she can earn 4½d. a-day, by nine hours of shirt-making; so long, that is, as her health stands one of the most trying, both mentally and physically, of all sedentary occupations. This pays the rent. A family fortunate enough to be able thus to provide for bread and shelter, the Stoic's two necessities of life, can secure its superfluous luxuries by a little begging, a little borrowing, and a good deal of pawning. The wife in that case does not sacrifice more than half her petticoats, and the husband is not obliged to lie in bed while she washes his one shirt. The children retain a superficial acquaintance with soap.

However, it must be remembered that, to secure these luxuries, we have to assume the presence of two important conditions, which practically do not always exist. First, there must be health and strength enough on the part of husband and wife to do whatever scraps of work they can get; secondly, they must have had, at the outset of their misfortunes, a fair amount of pawnable capital to work with. When health fails—as it too often does under physical suffering and mental anxiety—and when the whole furniture of the room, from the easy-chair to the last bit of bedding, has dwindled down to a small bundle of pawn-tickets, then ensue scenes of distress and destitution far worse than that described by the Correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and of which we cannot hope—indeed we should scarcely dare to attempt—to give our readers an adequate notion. In one room a girl, in the last stage of consumption, had not, until a few days ago, bed or bedding of any sort to lie down upon. In another room, the mother ill with rheumatic fever, and the daughter ill with small-pox, lie in the same bed with only a sack to cover them—every article of furniture having been pawned. In a third the father lies dying, while the mother, herself too weak and worn out for active exertion, has six children, one of them very ill, to provide for. We could multiply instances of this kind, were there any object in doing so. But it is necessary to state that all this misery can scarcely be said to be on the decrease. Only last Tuesday the Sisters discovered a case in which a woman was in imminent danger, when their assistance was called in, of dying from absolute starvation.

It need scarcely be said that the Sisters, notwithstanding their most strenuous exertions, are quite unable to contend with even moderate success against such wide-spread and appalling misery as that which surrounds them. They are hard at work from morning to night, and in the course of the day they usually contrive to visit about sixty to sixty-five families, and to give each family more or less relief—sometimes painfully inadequate, but still

better than nothing. They cannot relieve every sufferer, and so they are obliged to single out, to the best of their power, the most deserving cases; and this selection, as may be supposed, is not the least difficult or unpleasant part of their task. But still their constant visits from house to house, and familiar intercourse with people who know the neighbourhood well, enable them on the whole to discriminate pretty accurately between real and feigned distress, and to bestow their charity upon those who deserve it most. Besides, as the most substantial part of their relief is given not in money, but in food—most of it cooked by their own hands—even when they are imposed upon little harm is done. But, to carry on with even partial success the benevolent work in which they have now so long been engaged, they want more money—especially since the Mansion-House Fund has been withdrawn—than it is in their own power, and that of their private friends, to provide. Charitable people must come to the rescue, and send to the Mission-house, London Street, Ratcliffe, whatever assistance in the shape of money, food, or clothes, they can afford. There are perhaps some few who may be both willing and able to confer the still more welcome boon of personal sympathy and help. But assistance of every kind is urgently wanted, and it is in the hope of contributing to elicit it that we have brought these painful circumstances before the public. We are by no means blind to the objections that may be urged with reference to the demoralizing effect, upon the respectable poor, of a regular system of relief. It is pitiful, and, from a national point of view, paltry work to turn independent labourers into beggars. We readily admit that, viewed as a national question, the system of raising contributions for child-ridden labourers deprived of work is about as rational as to attempt to cure small-pox by doctoring the pustules. There is little hope for the labouring class until they have learned the expediency of putting restraint upon the animal instinct of multiplication, although it would perhaps be hard to blame them for being behind-hand in a lesson which has yet to be mastered by our highly-cultivated curates. By all means let those who are able to do so probe deeply into the evil, and insist upon compulsory education, Government emigration, restrictions on marriage, unlimited public works, or whatever remedy they think best. The least judicious agitation on this head is useful, since any agitation at least serves the purpose of keeping before the nation an evil which will never be remedied until it is keenly and generally felt to be a national disgrace. It is indeed a disgrace, not only to England but to all modern civilization, that there should exist in the wealthiest capital of Europe such scenes of misery as those we have described. For this reason we are very glad to contribute our share in calling public attention to the state of things now existing in Ratcliffe. But, nevertheless, until radical remedies can be applied, temporary treatment is better than no treatment. It may be a great evil to make beggars of men who are able and willing to work, but it is a still greater evil to let them die. And it happens moreover that, in the case under discussion, there is much to set off even against the demoralizing influence of charitable relief. The work of the Sisters is not confined to alms-giving. Much of their time is passed in praying with the sick and the afflicted, in teaching the young, in preparing candidates of all ages for baptism, confirmation, and holy communion. Their Mission-house deserves its name more than many a missionary settlement in Quasheboe or Borioboola Gha, for their little colony serves as a humanizing influence among people many of whom are savages in everything but the vices of civilization. And even their alms-giving half heals the hurt it inflicts. If in some instances it helps to make good men beggars, in others it helps to make beggars good men. When people speak of the demoralizing effect of charitable relief, they refer usually to relief which is given officially, as a matter of public duty, and to which the recipient readily persuades himself that he has, as a member of the community, a full and fair claim. But there is a wide difference, which the poorest can appreciate, between relief of this kind and relief administered, not by salaried officials, but by volunteers nobly working in the purest spirit of mercy and love.

THE EMPIRE AND THE EXHIBITION.

THE old doctrine of astral influences, like some sorts of prophecy, often vindicated itself. When a man was possessed with a firm confidence that he was a favoured child of destiny, he had already more than half conquered success. The French Emperor, like Wallenstein, might say of Fortune:—

To me she has proved faithful, with fond love,
Took me from out the common ranks of men,
And like a mother goddess, with strong arm,
Carried me swiftly up the steps of life.
Nothing is common in my destiny,
Not in the furrows of my hand.

Had he not believed in the Napoleonic star, His Imperial Majesty might still have been lounging in second-rate London saloons. But he knew himself and his predestined career. Therefore he is what he is. But there was always a compensatory side to this fatalism. It was of the nature of a bargain; and the amount of success was always carefully weighted. So much success, so much failure. It now seems that the run, not of luck, but of disappointment, has set in for the Emperor. And there is such a thing as a run of fortune, good and evil. The descent is as rapid as the rise. After the Italian campaign which was concluded by Magenta and Solferino, the zenith of Imperial grandeur

was touched. Since that supreme turn of fate all has been downhill. Nice and Savoy were huxteried into the Empire, but here the account with the propitious demon closed. The Schleswig-Holstein dispute expanded into a war, and though perhaps a previous understanding existed that France was to be paid for not finding it exactly convenient to interfere, yet the successful Bismark found it expedient to repudiate a secret plot, and France tried to get Landau and San Louis, and did not get them. Rome was abandoned, but neither honour nor glory accrued to the Tuileries for over-faithfulness to an engagement. In Mexico the King of France, as of old, marched up a hill and then marched down again, not without grief. In the great Austro-Prussian war and the consequent consolidation of Germany, the Emperor hesitated and paused, and three weeks settled the conflict before he had made up his mind what to do about it. In the Luxemburg dispute all that France has shown is an evident desire to get something out of the mess, and as evident an incapacity to get it. Foiled, overreached, or disappointed abroad, the Imperial genius has quailed before superior chicane or superior audacity. And the worst of it is that France knows it. France is, if not sulky, suspicious. The Eastern question promises to revive, and to revive without the prompting of the French Foreign Office. Candia is a new sore in Europe, and, worst of all, it was not coaxed into festering by French intrigue. France does not know what to make of it all; and uncertainty about itself is a most dangerous position for the Emperor to find France in. France made a bargain to surrender her liberties on condition of a political hegemony being maintained by the Emperor, and the hegemony is slipping away, nobody can say exactly how or by whose fault. The only solid fact is that France is no longer the arbiter of the world's destinies; and the result is that France is not in a pleasant frame of mind.

Descending from these larger considerations of failure and disappointment in the most serious details of foreign politics, it is no wonder that the Great Paris Exhibition is not a matter of much enthusiasm. It was designed to come off under a state of things which has not been realized. It was planned as the Corinthian capital of the great column of Imperial grandeur and success. It was to show all nations and languages that the same supremacy which the Empire had vindicated to itself abroad was accepted at home. Paris, being the world's metropolis, was to show itself worthy of its proud supremacy. There had been many Great Exhibitions; this was to be the greatest. France at its height of grandeur was to put out all its resources, all its capabilities, all its triumphs. Hitherto a Great Exhibition had been but a material and sordid collection of tangible results. Now we were to have a competition in virtues. The whole moral and social world, the charities and intelligences and high principles, were to be produced, compared, crowned, and rewarded. There was to be a prize, not so much for beggarly superiority in cast-iron and crockery, as for philanthropy, benevolence, and the exemplary performance of one's duty to one's neighbour. All the world was asked to compete for this new order of merit. France was to decide who was the best boy in the school where only all human kind were the scholars. And not only was philanthropy invited to show itself off, but European civilization was to be examined as to its intellectual progress. All the books, and all the reviews, and all the newspapers, and all the periodicals, and all the tracts of which we had been guilty in a year were to be brought together, and, after being set in order and explained and commented upon by Mr. Brookfield and Mr. Charles Collins, were to be submitted to a jury of savans. These were, at any rate, new and vast improvements on the old notion of an International Exhibition. The idea had grown, and received its full expansion at the hands of M. Le Play and his colleagues. The moral grandeur of this cosmopolitan display must, of course, receive an adequate material and formal expression. The suburbs of the Exhibition were to present an epitome of humanity. It was to be an encyclopaedia in action and fact. Bedouins and Tartars, Russians and Egyptians, English navies and Oriental Bayaderes, were to figure in a grand ballet d'action. Ethnology, religion, comparative anthropology, the habits and customs of all mankind, were to be brought into focus, and contrasted visibly and tangibly. We were to have a sort of *Keith Johnston's Atlas*, not on cardboard, but in actual men and women, and their houses, their clothing, their manner of life and conversation. Specimen temples, specimen villages, specimen eating, drinking, and clothing, were to be, not read about, but seen. This was certainly a Great Exhibition on the greatest scale, embodying the greatest ideas, fulfilling the greatest aspirations. It was worthy of France, and France was worthy of all this completeness and exactness and exhaustiveness. As to the Exhibition building itself, it was to show what the special French talent for organization and arrangement, under the most favourable conditions, could achieve. The plan of the building was to solve the great difficulty which had always hitherto baffled and confounded ingenuity. It was to show that there might be, at once and in combination, a division of objects which was both logical and material. The advantages of comparison between the whole aggregate productions of a single country, and their relation to the rival and competing productions of another country, were to be gained by a single stroke in the arrangement of stalls and counters. Walk across the building, and you would see how, say in the department of woollens, France, England, Germany, or Spain, held their own as against each other. Walk round the building, and in any particular block you would see what, say, France, England, Germany, or Spain could do in all

its special industries taken together. Beautiful in theory, if it could but be worked out. An ellipse was chosen perhaps because it embodied the highest law of celestial arrangement; but whatever the ellipse might do for the planets, it did not quite succeed with hardware. *Magnis tamen exordii ausis*; the idea was grand and French, and if the stalls and wares could not fall in with it, it was no fault of the idea—that was Napoleonic, and sublime enough.

As it seems to be by some natural though occult law that each Exhibition building exceeds all that have gone before it in ugliness, so it was but reasonable to suppose that the Paris building must be uglier than its predecessor. As gasometers are to boilers, so is Paris to Brompton. Art, aided by experience, has at last done its worst; and the solitary success of the Exhibition is that French organization and French taste have succeeded in producing the very ugliest structure which has yet cumbered the earth. We find at last that there is a sense in which we can cheerfully admit that they do these things better in France. Nor is this the only superiority of our neighbours. We had thought that our national superiority in taking care of the main chance was not likely to be challenged. Whatever else, we were always saluted, and perhaps were content to be saluted, as *la nation boutiquière*. Our Great Exhibitions had ended, the first with an enormous profit, which we have spent sixteen years in fooling away; and that of 1862 at least paid its way, and left assets enough not to be in debt for its funeral expenses. They have beat us hollow in Paris. Every contributing nation has not only been made to pay its own expenses, but has been amerced in a substantial royalty, which in our own case will reach, and probably exceed, 150,000*l.* Paris has the glory and the pence too; she invites all the world—and all the world has accepted the invitation and the terms—to show themselves off, and to spend something, very little if anything, short of a million of pounds for the privilege of making the Exhibition, every farthing of which was to go into French pockets before the Exhibition was opened. Opened, if it ever was opened. A host is not considered very polite if the candles are not lighted and the cloth not laid before you go into his dining-room. But this was precisely the state of affairs on the 1st of April. The stars in the courses certainly fought against Sisera. The rivers were in flood; the railways were choked; the contributors were behind-hand; the building was a chaos of boxes, brown paper, and dust; the park was of the future; the gardens were not laid out; the trees were not transplanted; the grass-seed was not sown. But mud, and dirt, and confusion, and delay, and disorder, and chaos there were. A cloud was hanging deep and sombre over the hearth of the Palace; the hope of the rising Iulus was absent; the Prince Imperial was sick and suffering; and the grand Ceremonial Inauguration was not with pipe and tabor, trumpet and cannon, but shabby, hurried, and dispirited. It was too true a picture of France. And the French are a susceptible people, and will be apt to see in the disasters of the Exhibition failures and disappointments more significant and important. All these things are not only against France, but against the Empire; and if the Exhibition should continue to be as great a failure as it has hitherto been, that failure may reach far.

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.

FOREIGNERS would wonder, perhaps, if they were told that the English are a police-ridden nation. And certainly the words, in the sense in which they would be understood in most Continental countries, are not applicable to ourselves. The policeman, as the agent of the Government, is a being of whom Englishmen and Scotchmen have neither experience nor fear. On the other side of St. George's Channel so much as this could hardly be said. In Ireland the police, whether in their individual or in their corporate capacity, are regarded by all classes very much from the Continental point of view. But in London our idea of the policeman is wholly different. He is the recipient of the homage which we pay to society, to order, to respectability, to received conventionalities of all kinds. We feel our need of his power when exerted on our own behalf so keenly, that we are forced for very consistency to respect it when it is exerted on behalf of some one else. We are police-ridden somewhat in the same way that the Italian is priest-ridden. There is little love lost between us and our policeman, any more than there is between a Neapolitan and his priest; but we feel that we cannot do without him. We fear him, and we occasionally malign him, but we call him in on the next emergency all the same.

A Parliamentary paper which has been lately issued contains some curious statistics of the Metropolitan Police force for the eleven years from 1856 to 1866. The number of men employed has been gradually increased so as to correspond with the growing area of London. In the first-named year the whole metropolitan district, exclusive of the City, was guarded by 5,814 constables. In 1866 the number had risen to 7,548. This increase is very unequally distributed over the various districts. The A division, which is ordinarily stationed about Whitehall, is only stronger by 9 men. The B, or Westminster division, shows a difference of 114. Some localities have apparently become more virtuous by the lapse of time. Marylebone, which required the services of 370 policemen in 1856, managed, in 1866, to do with 318. Whitechapel also shows an

absolute decrease, while Stepney about balances it in this respect, and needs all the additional care with which its neighbour can dispense. In Camberwell again the force is almost stationary, the numbers in the first and last years respectively being 408 and 414, while in Wandsworth they have fallen in the same period from 374 to 254. Three entirely new districts have been formed within the last three years. Before 1865 neither Clapham, Paddington, nor Highgate had distinct divisions appropriated to them. On an average the number of men employed on night duty is nearly double the number employed on day duty, the solitary exception to this rule being in Whitehall, where the proportion is reversed, two-thirds of the A division being on duty by day and only one-third by night. This distinction is of course accounted for by the number of public buildings in that neighbourhood which require the services of the police only during business hours.

The most noticeable feature in these statistics is the large number of men who are yearly reported as "resigned." The lowest entry in this table is 571, the return for 1865; the highest is 800, the return for 1859; and in the whole eleven years the figures have seven times been above 700. It would have added considerably to the value of this document if the causes, or the alleged causes, of these secessions had been specified. Some of them of course may easily be divined. There is a certain attraction about the service which doubtless brings many young men into it who have not counted the arguments on the other side, and who consequently soon find themselves disappointed and anxious to get away. Besides this, an active and trustworthy officer has various opportunities open to him of adopting some other occupation in which these qualifications are needed, and this cause probably explains several of the resignations. But we should like to be assured that these are the chief influences at work, and that there is not another large class who resign from legitimate dissatisfaction with the conditions of their engagement. It is a matter of great public moment that the pay and general treatment of the police should be of a kind calculated to attract and retain really reputable men in the force. We are all of us too much at the mercy of the police to make it safe for us to dispense with a single safeguard against any misuse on their part of the powers with which they are entrusted. In the last century a constable was often a more dangerous person to have to do with than the thief whom he professed to catch, and at the present day a police force which should find its interest in looking out for extra professional pay would be even more objectionable. The list of dismissals is a much shorter one. It varies in different years from 182 to 299, though except in that one year, 1860, it has never been less than 200. Here, again, one would have liked to know a few more particulars, such as what the offences are which entail dismissal, and whether it is sins against the discipline of the force or sins against the public that are more often punished in this way. Probably the Commissioners are not indisposed to adopt the supposed tactics of the Jesuits, and to keep the reputation of their body intact by the promptitude with which they get rid of offenders.

The greater part of the return is occupied with a statement of the charges that have been brought against the police in the London Police Courts during the last eleven years. The total number of charges since 1856 is 535, of which 163 have resulted in convictions and 372 in discharges. The return of convictions does not show any steady increase. It gives 28 for last year, but then for the two years before it had been only 8 and 10 respectively, while as far back as 1859 it had reached 27. In a great majority of instances, the charge, as might be expected, is one of assault, and in these cases there is no reason to doubt that the magistrate is usually right in deciding in favour of the accused. A very slight acquaintance with the streets of London is enough to impress one with a strong sense of the patience and good-humour which the police usually display. In a street row the constable's usual attitude is that of a serene and stolid arbitrator; and it is not till he has been loudly invoked by sympathizing bystanders that he intervenes between the contending parties. The truth is, probably, that a great portion of his duty is so monotonous that a row of any kind must be a real relief to him, and this is obviously not the frame of mind in which a man is likely to deal very harshly with the minor disturbers of the public peace. In addition to this, an officer who has been any time in the service naturally comes to take a professional interest in rows, which is very conducive to calmness in dealing with them. Nurses or doctors have much less difficulty in keeping their tempers with refractory or ill-conditioned patients than amateurs who have only the care of them for a short time; and so a policeman learns to look at offences of all kinds simply as so much routine business with which he has to deal after a certain prescribed fashion. Nor should it be forgotten that in a large number of cases the police have to take into custody persons who have no idea of being locked up peaceably, and who frequently have friends as little able as themselves to submit without remonstrance to a compulsory appearance at the police court. If A resists and B helps him, it is not unnatural that the policeman who has to begin by using a little necessary violence in order to arrest A, may end by using a little unnecessary violence in order to keep off B.

In the roll of accusations against the police, a very small place seems to be taken by one which in gravity, and we fear in frequency, is really one of the most important. It is almost a proverb among barristers that a policeman is nowhere so formidable as in

the witness-box. Certainly any one who reads the police reports must be struck with the fact that policemen never contradict one another. To fall out with one is to fall out with the whole force; and however much professional evidence may be forthcoming, it always—if a policeman's credit is at stake—makes out and corroborates the first statement. Every now and then it happens that some independent witness is in a position completely to disprove the official testimony. The case is then dismissed, and nothing more comes of it. But it is rather startling to reflect that, if the only available witnesses had been the policemen concerned, the magistrate would never have arrived at the facts, and justice would have been violated in order that the character of the force might be maintained. When this kind of thing happens, as it sometimes does, at quarter sessions, the danger of such a result is considerably less. The Judge is independent, and he acts in the presence of the Bar. But in the police courts the latter safeguard does not exist, and the force of the former is dangerously weakened. The status of the police magistrate is not sufficiently assured to make him in all cases a safe mediator between the public and the police. He is removable at the pleasure of the Home Office; the Home Office is greatly under the influence of the police authorities; and the police authorities naturally lean to the side of their own officers. Consequently, if a magistrate passes a censure on the conduct of the police, or is disinclined to take their view of the circumstances, or subjects their testimony to unpleasant cross-examination, he arrays against him all the influences which can make his position unpleasant, and even untenable. It is not fair to any persons holding a judicial office to subject them to needless hindrances in the discharge of their duty; and when it is borne in mind how large a number of people are practically interested in the proper working of our police system, it is strange that steps have not been taken before now to make police magistrates irremovable.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

IT is impossible to speak of the University boat-race without a certain enthusiasm. Of all the gallant struggles that have taken place at Putney it was certainly the most gallant, or at least must share its claim to pre-eminence with the race of 1856, when Cambridge was victorious by about the same distance, after an equally exciting contest. Moreover, Cambridge suffered from the great disadvantage arising from so long a series of disasters. To fight a battle after so many defeats is a far severer task than to fight with the prestige of victory, if only because the captain of the unfortunate crew has so much less authority in his own University. It is more difficult to collect men ready to face a prospect of misfortune, and to enforce the necessary discipline. Mr. Griffiths therefore deserves every credit for bringing together a crew who so nearly turned the scale once more, in spite of evil omens; and, of the huge crowd that witnessed the race, there were few who did not heartily sympathize with his exertions. The minutes that decided the race made even cynics forget their indifference or their contempt for the worshippers of muscular excellence. It is very easy in cool blood to doubt whether too much honour is not given to athletic victors, whether mere physical qualifications are not admired in our great educational bodies rather out of proportion to intellectual excellence, and whether the amount of energy expended might not have been applied to worthier objects. Still the coolest of the observers who stood near Barnes last Saturday, subject to the contagion of excitement from the crowds of enthusiastic spectators, and who saw the two crews, after four miles of desperate racing, settle down to the last determined effort that was to decide the victory, could hardly restrain a certain sensation, rather hard to define, but which prompted him to slap his neighbour vigorously on the back, or throw his hat into the air, regardless of expense. It was partly the irrepresible impulse which forces every man to share the emotions of a multitude, and partly the instinctive interest in the decision of any contest that has long been in suspense; but it was partly also a sympathy with indomitable pluck and energy conspicuously displayed in a perfectly straightforward battle. Whatever other drawbacks the race may have, it is certainly one in which every man is doing his best to win, and in which the degrading influences that have spoilt so many varieties of sport have never had the smallest operation. And therefore we should not think the better of any man who did not for the time enter heartily into the emotions of the ingenious wearers of the light and dark blue ribands. University oars are not necessarily superior, either morally or intellectually, to the rest of their species; they have not performed a feat which entitles them to receive unctuous flattery or to be quoted in sermons, although they occasionally receive those forms of homage. It is very easy, in short, to give the Tom Brown type of humanity much higher praise than it deserves for simply amusing itself after its own fashion. Yet, when every deduction has been made, the sixteen young gentlemen who were the admired of all London on Saturday proved themselves to be remarkably fine specimens of the healthy young Englishman, which, we may add, is a genus with few superiors amongst the various races of the world; and, when all is said and done, we are heartily proud of them. They will sink or rise to very different positions in the course of a few years. Some of them will soon be country parsons, rapidly making flesh, and vegetating in remote

districts; others will be pursy lawyers, dreading the exertion of a severe march with the Devil's Own; and some perhaps members of Parliament, who, as Mr. Denman aptly remarked at the dinner, are sometimes suspected of carrying on contests in which manœuvring and indirect motives are supposed (quite unjustly) to count for a good deal more than they do in University boat-races. But they will long look back with pleasure to the race of 1867, not merely as a proof of what they could do before "sighing and grief had blown them up like a bladder," but also as a time when they appreciated the pleasure of intense and unreasoning enthusiasm. For, after all, the great pleasure of those athletic contests which, like rowing, require much forethought and discipline, lies in the quantity of youthful ardour which they excite. The willingness with which a man learns to sacrifice himself to an object intrinsically trifling does him good, and is pleasant to remember when he is growing, or in danger of growing, fat and selfish and indifferent.

So much indeed has been lately said in praise of boat-racing and the other rites of the muscular Christian, that we need not argue the question as to their value. The general verdict is pretty clear. The creed of the muscular Christian is a very good one, if only the line of separation between his two doctrines could be kept distinct. It is a good thing to be Christian, and it is a good thing, in a lower degree, to be fond of athletic exercises; but it is quite possible for a good Christian to be unable to pull a stroke without catching crabs, and for a first-rate oar to be a mass of Pagan or infidel muscle. Each set of duties should be preached on its own foundation, and not burdened with the defence of the other. This point may be considered as settled; and no sensible man would now damage the course of good physical training by endeavouring to enforce the obligation by exaggerated sanctions. It is sufficient to say that if you don't row or run you will very likely be flabby and feeble, without endeavouring to prove that you will also be in danger of theological condemnation. The effect of a sensible view upon University and school education is also tolerably plain. The old plan, under which distinction in sports was considered to afford ground for suspicion, was manifestly absurd; it tended to make reading men physically incompetent, and to degrade athletic lads by driving them to blackguard associations. But the opposite system of directly encouraging sport would be equally absurd. Boys are evidently under a sufficiently strong stimulus in the athletic direction. The change which has taken place of late years is something quite surprising. Fifteen years ago it was rather a compliment to University oarsmen to give a report of their performances in the newspapers. Now every daily paper has been occupied for a fortnight in giving us the fullest details of the proceedings of the crews—sometimes, as we may parenthetically remark, to the disadvantage of the crews themselves; for it is hard upon those who are engaged in keeping up the spirits of the weakest crew to read a positive prophecy, inserted on the authority of an experienced observer, that they cannot possibly win—a prophecy which tends directly to its own fulfilment. The crowds which turned out at seven on a rainy April morning to see the race rivalled those who attend the Derby; the carriages could only be reckoned by the hours which they took to pass a given point; and the number of colours sold was enough to produce a palpable influence on the aspect of the London streets. Every schoolboy in the kingdom would naturally look forward to be the hero of such an occasion with more interest than he would contemplate any amount of legitimate University distinction. The old fable of the senior wrangler who would not attend the theatre for fear of attracting a crowd bids fair to be realized in the case of the stroke oar of a winning boat. Considering the multiplication of photographs of the crews, they will find it rash, in the course of a few years, to walk down the Strand after the race, lest the circulation should be palpably impeded. In fact, the heart and soul of Young England is set with such keenness upon athletic honours of all kinds, that there is evidently no need of any artificial encouragement. The duty of scholastic authorities would seem to be rather the regulation of superabundant zeal than any attempt to increase it, which would be superfluous; or to moderate it, which would be futile. They might perhaps employ themselves beneficially in encouraging a more rational system of training than is now practised, and in trying to diminish some of the evils which occasionally follow from over-exertion; but at all events they must remember that learning is now exposed to a severe competition. Perhaps it would be Utopian to suppose that any conceivable educational reform would ever persuade their pupils that it was better to develop their intellects than their muscles. Such a doctrine looks to the average young man like a paradox; he prefers the admiration of his companions to the approval of his superiors, and would much rather be captain of a boat club than learn any at least of those ordinary subjects of a University course which do not lead to honours. But parents have also some voice in the matter, and possibly it may be practicable to convince them that there is some information which their sons may be induced to acquire more valuable than the art of catching the stroke at the beginning. If tutors accept their situation, they may in this way derive an indirect advantage from the extraordinary development of enthusiasm which has lately taken place. If lads are daily more apt to neglect their studies for their sports, it is a good motive for increasing the intrinsic value of the studies.

It is unnecessary to make many remarks upon the particular circumstances of the contest. There will of course be the usual controversies and divergences of opinion amongst our sporting contemporaries, and the more so because the affectation of omnipresence, common to all reporters and critics of such

events, is specially inaccurate in the case of a University race. Most of these sagacious critics have to judge from very contradictory hearsay, owing to the impossibility of seeing through a steamboat, or round a corner, or even through the thick smoke of an obtrusive tug. We have seen the difference of strokes per minute in the Oxford and Cambridge crews rated by one authority as high as five and by another as low as one—a difference which upsets all the bases of argument. One remark, however, is very plain. The great difference of style which put Cambridge crews at such a disadvantage for three or four years has nearly disappeared. The Oxford crew were distinctly the strongest, and that more decidedly than the difference of weight would indicate; yet they were unable at any point of the race to draw a clear length ahead. Considering the closeness of the contest, we may therefore assume that strength was more the cause of victory than style; and most unprejudiced spectators before the race admitted that in many respects the Cambridge rowing was the best. Now the Cambridge crews which rowed in 1863 and 1864 were so far inferior that even with equal strength they could not have held Oxford for a quarter of a mile; indeed they were left behind from the very start. Hence we may congratulate Cambridge on having really made a very great progress, although they have still several faults to remove, especially some remains of that most ineradicable of faults—the defective catch at the beginning. There is, then, every hope that in future years they may, with style equal to that of their opponents and with precisely similar materials, turn out victorious crews. The greatest risk is the possibility, which we regret to see mentioned, of their declining to renew the challenge. We should look upon such a step as disastrous, not merely because of the bad moral effect, but for a still more urgent reason. Their former defeats were caused, not—as has been suggested by people entirely ignorant of the fact—by any injustice produced by college prejudices, but by losing the tradition of style. They had no models from which to learn. Now the best guarantee for keeping up that tradition is that they should subject themselves periodically to the free criticisms of London, and to competition with crews from another school. The University race does for them what exhibitions are intended to do for manufactures—it secures a comparison with a more cosmopolitan standard. If they gave it up, they would throw away the lessons already learnt, and probably subject themselves on their return to a renewed series of disasters.

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS AT BEAUFORT HOUSE.

AS, by the decision of the authorities, the University athletic sports were prevented from being held this year at Cambridge, it was determined to bring them off, under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Club, at Beaufort House. This arrangement was advantageous in so far as it permitted a large number of appreciative spectators to be present, who could not otherwise have attended; but it was disadvantageous in so far as it gave a business-like appearance to these purely honourable contests, which was not wholly desirable. Nor can it be denied that, if this meeting is held annually in London, it will become more and more every year the scene of betting operations that will be by no means agreeable to the best friends of the competitors. However, the rage for athletics is so great at the present moment, and has waxed so exceeding strong in such a short space of time, that it is but fair to presume it will cool down somewhat. A reaction will probably set in in favour of the cultivation of mind as well as of muscle.

The card on Friday was not inconveniently crowded, there being nine events which were brought off with tolerable punctuality. The arrangements of the Amateur Athletic Club to accommodate visitors were, to say the least, indifferent. The Grand Stand, a mean and insufficient structure, admirably adapted for the admission of rain from the top and cold wind from the sides, was approached by steps so precipitous that they must have been designed for the use of acrobats. No part of it was reserved exclusively for ladies, many of whom, owing to the throng of men and boys, were obliged to remain in and about the wretchedly small enclosure, with but a poor chance of obtaining after two or three hours even a rickety chair. We observed a good many gentlemen with white rosettes, who we suppose were stewards, running about, as stewards always do run, from place to place, and getting very much in every one's way. We would suggest that another year one or two of these officials should graciously trouble themselves to study the comfort of those ladies who honour the sports with their presence, and should take care not to allow any to remain outside the stand as long as men are sitting within it. Further, if five shillings are exacted for admission, the payers of that sum have a right to expect a fair view of the proceedings; but on this occasion there were many people who never had a chance of seeing anything at all. The high jump was a foregone conclusion for Cambridge, each of her representatives being more than a match for those of Oxford. The latter failed to accomplish more than 5 ft. 7 in. and 5 ft. 8 in. respectively. Mr. Little cleared 5 ft. 9 in. with comparative ease, and won; Mr. Green, the other Cambridge competitor, failing to clear that height. Mr. Little takes a comparatively short run, and at a very slow pace. He appears to spring rather indolently, and to make but little effort; but his length of limb and lightness of frame enable him to accomplish this really surprising height without apparent exertion. Mr. Green is an elegant jumper, but he has a

bad habit of not getting his body quite clear of the bar, which often militates against his success. There was a good deal of jostling in the One Hundred yards race, but Mr. Pitman, who got the worst start, came through his men with a very fine rush, and won by about two feet. The battle for the broad jump was left at the end to Mr. Absolom and Mr. Maitland, and at his last attempt the former cleared the fine distance of 20 ft. 2 in. Mr. Maitland could not accomplish this, and thus Cambridge won the first three contests. Mr. Jackson, who won the Hurdle-race for Oxford, undoubtedly took his hurdles in better style than any of the other competitors; but even he did not approach to the form showed by Mr. Tiffany and Mr. Daniel in past years. The Mile race attracted, as usual, a great amount of interest. Mr. Little did not run as if he was altogether well, and he knocked his shoulder against a post, which did not do him any good. It was rather an easy victory for Mr. Scott, of Oxford, who ran very well, although his action is high. He is short of stature, but has an unusually long stride for his height. The pace appeared to be slow at first, but improved considerably, and the distance was completed in the very good time of 4 min. 40 sec. Putting the weight is, we believe, an excellent trial of strength for the muscles—it is certainly a great trial of patience to the spectators. Mr. Waltham, on behalf of Cambridge, put it 34 ft. 9 in., which we are told is a very superior performance. Mr. Pelham was looked upon as the probable winner of the Quarter-mile, but on this occasion he was beaten by Mr. Pitman, who dashed away with the lead at a surprising pace, and apparently forced the running for his University companion. Though, at a short distance from the winning-post, Mr. Pelham did come to the front, it was but for a moment, for he was evidently exhausted by the severity of the pace, and the prize would have fallen to Mr. Maitland and Oxford had not Mr. Pitman come again at the finish with splendid gameness, and won by two yards. This was undoubtedly the most brilliant piece of running of the day, and the distance was done in the short time of fifty-two seconds. Throwing the hammer was another wearisome and vexatious business that went on for more than half an hour. What muscles of the human frame are strengthened or developed by this surprising exercise we are at a loss to conceive. In all athletic struggles that are beneficial we cannot fail to notice harmonious and symmetrical movement. In running, walking, jumping, or vaulting, the action and play of limb is grateful to the eye. When, instead of easy and graceful motions, we see unnatural contortions and grotesque inflections, we cannot be in any doubt as to the exercise that requires them being useless for any good purpose. Hammer-throwing is hideous to the spectator, and we are sure it is injurious to the performer. A man wields a long handle with a cannon-ball fixed on the other end; he raises it over head, and points it to heaven; he then spins round for half a minute like a dancing dervish; of a sudden the hammer escapes from his grasp and flies in one direction; the man tumbles down and sprawls over in another; the judge runs away precipitately to avoid instant death; the referee dives behind the telegraph-board. The spectators must look, for there is no knowing which way the next hammer will come. Withdraw your eye for a minute, and sixteen pounds of iron may be whirled straight at your head. In the present case we cannot pretend to say whose style of throwing was best and whose was worst; we only know that after a very weary half-hour some one made a prodigiously successful effort, and very nearly killed a steward. On inquiry we found that this was the winning throw, that Mr. Eyre of Cambridge was the hero thereof, and that the distance over which the projectile travelled was 98 ft. 10 in. The Two-mile race was unwisely kept for the last, but it was well worth waiting to see. Last year it will be remembered that Mr. Long for Cambridge, and Mr. Laing for Oxford, ran a dead heat; this year the struggle was almost equally close, and Mr. Long again distinguished himself. He ran with great gameness, and only lost the race by a foot from Mr. Michell of Oxford. This gentleman ran throughout in very good style, and won, as we thought, with something in hand. He certainly appeared the least distressed of the six, and, though the finish was so close, we feel inclined to attribute that to an error of judgment. Had the distance been a hundred yards longer, we think that Mr. Michell would have won easily. Mr. Kennedy, of whom great things were expected, lay too far out of his ground to have any chance with the leaders, and this gentleman appears to prefer a longer course. The two miles were run in 10 minutes, which is remarkably good time. Last year Messrs. Long and Laing took 10 min. 20 sec., and in 1865 Mr. R. E. Webster took 10 min. 38 sec. to accomplish this distance.

On the following Monday the Amateur Athletic Club held their Champion Meeting, and many who had contested on Friday appeared again; in fact, nearly all the great events were won by University men. The day was miserably cold, the programme was much too long, and there was no attempt at punctuality. The most interesting contests were unadvisedly crowded together at the end of the day, and the patience of the spectators was utterly exhausted before the Half-mile, the Mile, and the Four-mile races had been run—and these were just what they had come to see. The managers of the Amateur Athletic Club have evidently a good deal to learn. London is not like a little village where the rustics have nothing to do, and think nothing of a day's sport on the green unless it begins very early in the morning and finishes very late at night. People in London have engagements and occupations, and time is so precious

that they cannot conveniently sit for six hours and a half in the most miserable of stands to accommodate amateur runners and jumpers who are too indolent to be ready at the appointed time. Between two and half-past four in the afternoon all the really important events should be brought off. The idea of running the great race of the day at a quarter-past six in the wilds of Walham, five miles from one's dinner, is quite ludicrous. The analogy of horse-racing should be followed. On great days at Epsom, Ascot, or Newmarket, the best race is always fixed to take place at the best hour. The Two Thousand is not run at dusk, after eleven plating races; and the Four-mile race at Beaufort House might take precedence of such exhibitions as hammer-throwing and pole-jumping. We must also observe that the colours of the competitors, as printed on the card, were carefully and persistently contradicted by the colours worn by the competitors when they appeared on the course. We shall not review the results of the day's proceedings *seriatim*, because many of our remarks on Friday's sports will apply to those of Monday. Mr. Ridley of Eton, who will be an athletic treasure to whichever University may hereafter secure him, won the Hundred yards and the Quarter-mile races. He is not only possessed of great speed, but he runs with great gameness and unflinching perseverance. The Seven-mile walking race occupied 58 min. 18 sec. Mr. Chambers, who won this contest last year, did not appear in good condition, but he struggled well, and only lost by a few inches. We do not profess to be judges of what is fair walking and what is not; it seemed to us that both Mr. Chambers and the gentleman who, according to the card, was qualified for taking part in this meeting by having resided at Liverpool, are very fair runners, and singularly sound in wind and in limb. Mr. Frere had no difficulty in winning the Half-mile race for Oxford, and Mr. Long was again unfortunate enough in the One mile to be beaten just by a few inches. His steadiness and gameness in running are unquestioned; with just a little more speed at the finish he would often be, as he deserves to be, a winner. In the Four-mile race Mr. Kennedy showed his real power. No one had the least chance with him, and he was as fresh at the end as when he started. In these degenerate days, a man who can run four miles at a good pace, and finish as if he were ready to begin his task anew, is worth remembering.

We have one remark to make in conclusion. At present the success of the Amateur Athletic Club meetings depends almost entirely on University men. But in time competitors will be attracted from all parts of the country. It is to be hoped that a rigorous scrutiny will be made into the qualifications of all strangers who aspire to take part in these meetings. The mere fact of a man's belonging to an athletic club or a gymnasium in some large town is quite insufficient. The door would be opened to hundreds of persons who ought to be excluded, and the character of these contests would be irretrievably degraded. The meetings of the Amateur Athletic Club should be open to gentlemen solely. Professionals can, of course, be excluded easily. It is not so easy to find out and reject the claims of those who are neither professionals nor gentlemen.

PICTURES IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

II.

WE have been considerably impeded, in our examination of the pictorial contents of the Exhibition in the Champ de Mars, by the wretched state of the Catalogue. Before this article appears it is possible that an improved Catalogue may have been issued, but the one before us is almost useless for reference. The numbers given have not yet been affixed to the pictures, the names of masters are not always to be found in their due place, and works are sometimes attributed to masters who not only never painted them, but are distinguished for tendencies of quite an opposite character. One of the most ludicrous instances of this is the case of M. Jules Breton. He exhibits ten pictures, of which eight are attributed to a man of entirely different order, M. Alexandre Cabanel. There is some pretence at alphabetical arrangement, but such has been the hurry and carelessness of the compilers that the visitor cannot by any means make himself sure of the presence or absence of a name without reading the whole Catalogue through. Supposing you want to find out whether either or both of the two Daubignys, father and son, have anything in the Exhibition. You look first to the place where the letter D begins; C appears to end with Curzon, and then you have Dargelas, Dauban, Daubigny the elder; after him the C's begin again with Comte, and on the ninth page further on you find Daubigny the younger. This is due to confusion in the paging, for the book seems to be bound according to the paging; but the absence of numbers on the pictures, and the all but inextricable confusion of the Catalogue, have so much interfered with our plans for the arrangement of these papers that we can scarcely manage any right arrangement at all, but hope that the blame of the disorder may rest with those who deserve it.

Mr. Ansell's large picture of animals in vigorous action, horses treading out wheat (*Foulant le Blé*, Alhambra), is temporarily injured by unequal stretching of the canvass. The stretching-frame has probably been rather smaller than the gilt frame, so that it has been forced in, and the sky bags. In justice to Mr. Ansell the picture ought to be taken down and this defect remedied. It is a fine example of his present manner, very bright in light and colour, rather hard and prosaic in handling,

and proving indisputable knowledge of horses and much manual skill, without, we think, giving evidence of great devotion to purely artistic aims. The frank brightness of the colouring and the hardness of the execution will probably prevent many Continental spectators from doing full justice to the science of the artist, but no work of Mr. Ansdell's reaches further in the direction he has recently followed. Mr. Armitage has sent his "Esther's Feast," a Biblical illustration equal in point of skill and arrangement to good contemporary French work of the same class, but not likely to help the position of the English school in any decided way. Works that are neither purely British nor surpassingly excellent specimens of Continental performance are not likely, in an exhibition like the present, to attract so much notice as their merits might fairly claim, whereas purely insular eccentricities are sure to be looked at and remembered, if not always to their advantage. Mr. John Ballantyne has commemorated Mr. Macleise's labours in the Houses of Parliament by representing him at work upon the "Death of Nelson." Mr. Ballantyne's picture is of respectable merit, the likeness is good, and the work may be taken as an expression of admiration honourable to both artists. It will be interesting to future generations to know how a really great artist looked when engaged on one of the few truly noble paintings of our age. Mr. John Brett's "Capri, Effet de Soleil Couché" is not likely to be recognised on the Continent as the most delicate example of mountain and branch drawing in the whole Universal Exhibition. It is a peculiarity of the *renaissance* feeling, and therefore a characteristic of the modern French mind, to appreciate and applaud the most severe study of the figure, and to pass at the same time with contemptuous indifference the very same quality in landscape. The purely *renaissance* sentiment exacts careful drawing in figure illustration, and considers landscape naturally and necessarily shapeless. Those delicate forms of distant mountain, all whose shadows are as carefully laid in the blue ravines as if they indicated hollows in living muscle, and the exquisite outlines of these slender stems in the foreground, are, we fear, as little likely to be noticed by ordinary French painters and critics as truths written in an unknown tongue. The picture, too, has obvious faults, and faults of a kind which the French see easily and do not forgive. Being purely topographic, its materials are not fused into a whole, but remain as disconnected as the parts of a coloured photograph. Not that there is any obvious sin against natural relation. The colour-values are on the whole very accurately and carefully noted, far more carefully than in much popular work; but there is no mental assimilation and reproduction, and no painting greatly interests the world which is not a result of these processes. The failure of Mr. Brett to form a school is not so much his own failure as that of his teacher, Mr. Ruskin, whose influence alone led Mr. Brett in this direction. Now, after years of patient devotion, Mr. Brett finds his art in a position of discouraging, though not dishonourable isolation, and alone, or almost alone, in Europe, defends the right of simple topography, not to supremacy, or even to influence, but to bare existence.

Mr. John Burgess has sent one of the most vivid and expressive of his Spanish subjects, "Bravo! Toro." It is a glimpse of the spectators at a Spanish bull-fight, seized at the moment when the bull has just distinguished himself by some feat which we are left to imagine, and which excites various expressions, chiefly of horror or admiration, on the faces of the people before us. The painting is exceedingly skillful, and the mastery of expression indisputable, but there is a curious absence of true art in the arrangement of the colour. Not that Mr. Burgess by any means lacks the power of imitating colours, but he resigns himself to a broken and patched and scattered arrangement, which by care and judgment might easily be avoided. We would cite as an example of this the vivid colouring of the young lady's dress, and the bright bit of green railing before it, in the upper part of the composition at the spectator's left. The artistic purpose has probably been to increase by contrast the value of the rich browns, and more sober reds and greens, elsewhere; but the result is a destruction of harmony. There is an essential difference between the use of discords in music and in painting. In music, the discord is transient, and rapidly gives place to the harmony it makes us long for; if it were permanent it would be insupportable. In painting, the discord is permanent, and must therefore be used with great sobriety, and only when its utility in enhancing the enjoyment of the harmonized passages which it accompanies is quite beyond question. It is impossible to reduce colouring to rules, because delicate varieties of tint, quite inexpressible in words, often make all the difference between what is most exquisite and what is most execrable; but we respect Mr. Burgess so much that we are anxious to see him avoid the one great fault of contemporary painters, the confounding of colours with colour. When a modern painter can make a bright red, and a rich or brilliant green, and an intense purple, and so on, he thinks that he can colour; and yet true colour, in the highest sense, may be as far from him yet as if he had done nothing but cut lines with a burin all his life.

Mr. Calderon exhibits the child-queen of last year's Academy, "Her Most High, Noble, and Puissant Grace," and "The English Embassy at Paris, the Night of the St. Bartholomew." The first picture was duly noticed by us when it appeared, and in very favourable terms, from which a renewed acquaintance with it does not dispose us to make any deduction. The second strikes us less favourably, though it has more animated action. The fine young figures of the English attachés, excited by the

horror of what is passing in the street, are noble and energetic enough, and the gravity of the elder men, and the prostrate fear of the women, are very dramatically given. Mr. Cope's "Adieux of Lord and Lady Russell" is a touching picture, but has the usual defects of Mr. Cope's execution, one of the chief of which is a feeble perception of the nature of things, especially of hair, which he always paints so badly that he ought to avoid all long-haired and long-wigged people out of prudence. Mr. Dobson's picture of "Jesus amongst the Doctors" has already been sufficiently criticized by us; it represents the artist fairly, but is deficient in power to realize the true character of the scene. We should imagine, however, that Mr. Dobson would be popular with the religious world, even in France, if his name should come to be known there, on account of a certain softness and tenderness of sentiment, which is far better liked by that section of spectators than stern insight into human nature, or a vigorous grasp of realities.

Mr. Elmore has sent a scene of the great revolution, "Les Tuileries, le 20 Juin 1792." It belongs to a class of art with which we have so little sympathy that we should be glad to avoid all mention of it, and yet some notice appears to be due to a production which has certainly cost labour, and shows energy. What we dislike generally, in art of this kind, is that it seems to have no artistic purpose; the painter has selected a scene of great violence, affording an opportunity for the display of bright colours and vigorous attitudes, and the art employed is so far in harmony with the subject that it is essentially coarse and violent also. But there is no high artistic purpose worth aiming at. There is a moral one, however—the opposition of female courage to furious insult—and this is something; but the difficulty of entering into a thought of this kind is very great amidst such a glare of crude colours. There is not a bit of good flesh-painting in the whole work. If the flesh had been painted well, and the accessories so treated as not to interfere with it, the picture might have attained its object. Mr. Hayllar's "Queen Elizabeth's Toothache" is quite a typical specimen of the prevalent costume-picture. Some incident of a picturesque time is selected, giving the opportunity for a grouping of personages in relation to some occurrence which concerns or occupies them all; and if the incident is only amusing, it does not signify how trifling it may be. Queen Elizabeth had the toothache one day, but lacked the courage to get the tooth drawn, on which a venerable prelate who had not many teeth to spare resolved to have one drawn to encourage Her Grace. An intelligent artist in the nineteenth century devotes weeks of labour to the illustration of this incident, and yet artists are hurt because men of business are rather apt to consider their occupation a trifling one.

A more serious art is that which by a single impressive incident illustrates a whole life. Mr. Hook is a master of this kind of selection; his scenes are almost always impressive, and really worth the labour of painted illustration. "Du fond de la Mer," "Gamins de la Mer," and "Pêcheurs," are the titles given to the three pictures contributed by Mr. Hook. The first is the well-known picture of miners just ready to go down into the long sloping galleries of a mine on the sea-shore, and leaving their family in the daylight. In the second the whole childhood of a fisherman's boys is illustrated in their familiar play with the salt water, and in the third we have a glimpse of the deck of a fishing-boat out at sea. Every one of these pictures is fully and fairly representative of the entire existence of the people illustrated, whereas "Queen Elizabeth's Toothache" is not fairly representative of her life as sovereign, and therefore was not worth painting, except as a trifle to make people smile, which object would have been quite as fully attained by a slight sketch in water-colour or black-lead.

Mr. Yeames (who is called Jeames in the Catalogue) has also treated an incident in the life of Queen Elizabeth, but it is one which does, to some extent, represent the sovereign. Our readers will remember the picture, for it appeared in last year's Academy, and considerably advanced the reputation of its author, whose election as an associate was, we believe, due to it. It is entitled "Réception par la reine Élisabeth des ambassadeurs de France, après avoir reçu la nouvelle de la Saint-Barthélemy." It seems to be appreciated in France, and is likely to be remembered there after the closing of the Exhibition. Another artist who has already attracted attention in Paris is Mr. Orchardson, whose "Défilé" and "Christophoro Sly" are admired by very severe judges, and preferred by them to many English works of far greater celebrity in our own country. This, we believe, is greatly a matter of sympathy, and ought only to be taken to mean that Mr. Orchardson is accessible to the French mind, which artists like Mr. John Lewis are not; but the fact remains that, unless Mr. Orchardson had sterling qualities of the scientific order, the quality of accessibility would not be enough to secure the admiration of highly trained Frenchmen. For ourselves, we willingly recognise much intelligence in Mr. Orchardson, but cannot consider him a colourist yet, which his French admirers do.

Mr. Arthur Hughes is not so likely to win admirers in France. His love of detail, and general tendency to see detail rather than the unity of a whole picture, are peculiarities not only distasteful to Frenchmen, but positively hateful, and for which no amount of skill, or sentiment, or colour, can atone. It is very right, however, that a painter like Mr. Hughes should exhibit in the Universal Exhibition, because he is truly representative of national tendencies. His colouring is vivid and often very beautiful in parts, but his pictures seldom seem well coloured at a distance, because the power of relation is wanting. A certain proof that details are not in their places is that they interfere with each

other, and are not to be made out without a painful effort of analysis. In Mr. Hughes's "Bonsoir," for example, it is by no means easy, at first sight, and at the proper distance, to make out what the foreground of the picture means; it is only on looking into it closely that we know what the artist intended. Mr. Hughes might answer by the question whether we could make out the mystery of nature; but the peculiarity of Mr. Hughes is not the presence of mystery—of which in the true sense he has very little—but a confused arrangement of not mysterious detail, and here, we maintain, there is a very wide distinction indeed. The subject of the picture which has suggested these remarks is a woodman saying good night to his child at the door of his cottage.

The landscapes which in their way have been most satisfactory to us in this gallery are Mr. Newton's magnificent water-colour, "The Approach of Winter in Scotland," Mr. Graham's "Spate in the Highlands," and Mr. Church's "Niagara." Each of these deserves far more detailed study than we have space for here. Of the noble truth of Mr. Newton's work we are perfectly certain. It is most genuine and observant; he has entered into the true spirit of Highland scenery, and all who truly love the Highlands owe much to him. As much may one day be said of Mr. Graham, though this picture only gives us one aspect of that marvellous scenery. Mr. Church has already won wide reputation by his "Niagara," which will be extended by this exhibition of it. As an example of careful and profound, yet not painful, study, and right interpretation of natural truth, the picture has few equals. A simple analysis of its merits would occupy half an article. In truth of tone, accurate knowledge of water, and unwearied admiration for nature, it is equal to any landscape we know; it is not, however, imaginative, but this takes little from its interest.

REVIEWS.

MANDEVILLE.*

THOUGH Mandeville was in his day a writer of considerable note, it is probable enough that he is known only by name to the great majority of modern readers. He was a Dutch physician, born in 1670. He afterwards settled in England, and passed the greater part of his life here. His reputation, such as it is, depends upon the works named at the foot of this article. The *Fable of the Bees* was originally published in 1714, but was first brought out in its present shape in 1723. It excited a good deal of attention, and the publisher was presented by the Grand Jury of Middlesex as the ringleader of a class of persons who published books and pamphlets "almost every week against the sacred articles of our holy religion." The Grand Jury observed upon this:—"We are justly sensible of the goodness of the Almighty that has preserved us from the plague which has visited our neighbouring nation. . . . but how provoking it must be to the Almighty that his mercies and deliverances extended to this nation, and our thanksgiving that was publicly commanded for it, should be attended with such flagrant impiety." This led to a vindication of the book which Mandeville published shortly afterwards, and in 1728 he brought out a second part of the work in three dialogues. With the first part, and the Essay on Charity Schools which is appended to it, it forms an octavo volume, which has been several times reprinted, and more than once attacked. The most conspicuous of Mandeville's opponents were William Law (the mystic), Hutcheson, and Bishop Berkeley. He died in 1733, in his sixty-third year.

The minor writers of a period often illustrate part at least of its intellectual tendencies better than those who have a greater reputation. They seize upon special points, they write with less reserve and moderation than men of a higher order, they apply particular principles in a more unsparing manner, and they suggest to their readers, in a broad and naked form, the existence of questions the connexion of which with the views of writers of a higher order might not otherwise have been apparent. This is particularly true of Mandeville, whose real claim to notice is that he presses to its extreme consequences a moral paradox founded upon a narrow view of the philosophy which gave so much of its characteristic colour to the thought of the eighteenth century. He was, or supposed himself to be, a disciple of Hobbes and Locke, and especially of Hobbes; and the interest of his speculations lies in the question whether it is true that the consequences which he connected with their principles really follow from them or not.

The *Fable of the Bees* is a poem of 433 rather doggerel octosyllabic lines, which sets forth how

A spacious hive, well stocked with bees
That lived in luxury and ease,

throve as long as vices flourished in it, and wasted away to nothing when it was miraculously made virtuous. The lawyers, the physicians, the clergy, the soldiers, the merchants, all prospered by various forms of cheating—

Thus every part was full of vice,
Yet the whole mass a Paradise.

* The *Fable of the Bees*; or, *Private Vices Public Benefits*: with an Essay on Charity and Charity Schools, and a Search into the Nature of Society. Also, a Vindication of the Book from the Aspersions contained in a Presentation of the Grand Jury of Middlesex, and an abusive Letter to Lord C—. By Bernard Mandeville. London: 1795.

Luxury

Employed a million of the poor,
And odious pride a million more.

When every one became honest the lawyers were not needed, the physicians were reduced to a handful, most of the shops were shut up. The population dwindled, foreign enemies overpowered the small remainder by numbers, notwithstanding their courage, and at last the whole hive so diminished that the remnant "flew into a hollow tree," being unable any longer to fill their "vast hive." This performance is followed by an inquiry into the origin of moral virtue, a series of remarks on the particular sentiments put forward in the poem, and an essay on Charity Schools, of each of which we will say a few words. The inquiry into the origin of virtue consists of an analysis of the nature of virtue and vice. Virtue, says Mandeville, is the name of "every performance by which man, contrary to the impulse of nature, endeavours the benefit of others, or the conquest of his own nature out of a rational ambition of being good." Vice is "everything which, without regard to the public, man commits to gratify any of his appetites." These names were imposed upon actions of this class by "lawgivers and other wise men that have laboured for the establishment of society," and who "have endeavoured to make the people they were to govern believe that it was more beneficial for everybody to conquer than indulge his appetites, and much better to mind the public than what seemed his private interest." These wise men, however, were unable to provide such a sanction as would set their scheme in motion, but after reflection they "justly concluded that flattery must be the most powerful argument that could be used to human creatures." They then exalted the dignity of human nature, and "having by this artful way of flattery insinuated themselves into the hearts of men, began to instruct them in the notions of honour and shame," and accordingly "divided the whole species into two classes—the abject low-minded people," who cared only for themselves, and the "lofty high-spirited creatures" who cared for the public and the dignity of human nature. Thus "the nearer we search into human nature the more we shall be convinced that the moral virtues are the political offspring which flattery begot upon pride."

In the notes to the *Fable of the Bees* itself, which follow this inquiry, Mandeville works out in detail the hints which are conveyed in the poem, and labours to prove that all cases of apparent virtue may be resolved into cases of the gratification of pride, or something else which usually goes by the names of vice; and that these vices, as they are called, are the source of all the real grandeur, happiness, and prosperity of a great and magnificent State. It is difficult to seize the general scope of the argument, but upon examination it will be found to resolve itself into the following propositions:—

Virtue, in the sense of a habit of acting for the benefit of others, or the conquest of our own nature, contrary to the impulse of nature, does not exist. The notion that it does exist, and that it promotes the happiness and greatness of States, is a useful delusion, propagated by politicians for the purposes of civil government.

Vice, in the sense of the habit of acting without regard to the public, and for the gratification of our own appetites, is the true source of public happiness and greatness.

Nevertheless, the pretence that virtue, and not vice—using those words in the senses above explained—is always and everywhere to be followed, is essential to the general prosperity, and ought by all means to be maintained by all who care for that prosperity.

Towards the end of the notes on the *Fable of the Bees*, he states his theory pretty shortly:—

I lay it down as a first principle that in all societies, great or small, it is the duty of every member of it to be good; that virtue ought to be encouraged, vice discountenanced, the laws obeyed, and the transgressors punished. After this I affirm that . . . we shall find that human nature, since the fall of Adam, has always been the same. . . . I never said or imagined that man could not be virtuous as well in a rich and mighty kingdom as in the most pitiful commonwealth; but I own it is my sense that no society can be raised into such a rich and mighty kingdom, or, so raised, subsist in their wealth and power for any considerable time, without the vices of man. . . . When I say that societies cannot be raised to wealth and power, the top of earthly glory, without vices, I do not think that by so saying I bid men be vicious, any more than I bid them be quarrelsome or covetous when I affirm that the profession of the law could not be maintained in such numbers and splendour if there was not abundance of too selfish and litigious people.

Further on he says:—

Would you banish fraud and luxury, prevent profaneness and irreligion, and make the generality of the people charitable, good, and virtuous? Break down the printing presses, melt the fountains, and burn all the books in the island . . . suffer no volume in private hands but a Bible; knock down foreign trade, prohibit all commerce with strangers, and permit no ships to go to sea that ever will return, beyond ~~fisher~~ boats. Restore to the clergy, the king, and the barons their ancient privileges, prerogatives, and possessions. Build new churches, and convert all the coin you can come at into sacred utensils; erect monasteries and almshouses in abundance, and let no parish be without a charity school. Enact sumptuary laws, and let your youth be enured to hardship; inspire them with the most nice and most refined notions of honour and shame, of friendship, and of heroism, and introduce amongst them a great variety of imaginary rewards. . . . By such pious endeavours . . . the greatest part of the covetous, the discontented, the restless and ambitious villains would leave the land. Vast swarms of cheating knaves would abandon the city. . . . The sinful, overgrown Jerusalem, without famine, war, pestilence, or compulsion, would be emptied in the most easy manner. . . . The happy reformed kingdom would by this means be crowded in no part of it, and everything necessary for the sustenance of man be cheap and abundant, &c. &c.

We have been obliged to omit a good deal of sarcasm and other

matter to get the solid part of this theory within compass. Compressed in the highest degree, it comes to this. If men really cared for virtue they would live otherwise than they do. What they really like and pursue is pleasure, and that is opposed to virtue. The answer to it, given in the fewest possible words, is that the writer confounds the proposition that prosperity produces vice with the proposition that vice produces prosperity.

Two observations arise upon this which are sufficient to show the utter folly of Mandeville's speculations, and in particular to disconnect him from the great writers of whom he has sometimes been supposed to be a disciple. The first observation is, that his view of virtue and vice is altogether different from theirs, and is wrong in itself. The second is, that his political economy, his view of the way in which public prosperity may be promoted, is puerile. Virtue means a habit of acting upon rules which, if universally observed, would produce general happiness. Vice means a habit of acting against those rules. But there is no more necessary connexion between virtue and acting contrary to the impulse of nature, or with a view to self-conquest, than there is between vice and the gratification of appetite. It may happen, and in point of fact it generally does happen, that there is no opposition between the happiness of the individual and the happiness of the community, or between the present gratification and the future advantage of the individual himself. It is pleasant to eat one's dinner, and it is also wholesome to do so. It is the general interest of all the letters of the alphabet as well as of A, that A should be healthy, wealthy, and wise. The necessity for self-denial and self-sacrifice is occasional and exceptional. It must no doubt be provided for when it occurs; but it is possible to conceive a perfectly virtuous man who never in the whole course of his life should have to deny himself in any one particular or to do anything unpleasant. The general practical coincidence between a desire to promote our own interest and a desire to promote the general interest no doubt affords in all cases an opportunity for the remark that there is no such thing in the world as a wish to promote the public interest as an end in itself; but a thousand familiar instances may be given of conduct for which it is impossible to account on purely selfish grounds, and there is obviously no reason why a desire to promote the public welfare should not be as much a real element in human nature as any other desire. Men are continually absorbed in ideal objects, sometimes very absurd ones. It is a matter of everyday experience that people will utterly forget themselves and their own interests in almost any undertaking—the study of an out-of-the-way corner of science and literature, the exploration of a remote country, or indeed almost anything. Almost every one takes an interest more or less in matters which in no way affect himself. We are all glad or sorry at this or that victory or defeat, or at the passing or rejection of this or that law, though we may be perfectly conscious all the while that they will not affect our personal interests in any perceptible degree. How then does the supposition that most men care more or less for the general good, that is, that they are more or less virtuous, contradict the rest of our experience? and how is it inconsistent with the fact that they also care intensely for things directly affecting their own comfort? I may care for others as well as for myself. Mandeville's theory is as absurd as if he had argued that a man could not possibly like mutton because he liked beef better. Indeed the only persons against whom his sarcasms have any point at all are those, if any such there be or ever were, who contend that virtue ought to be the motive of every human action, and that every action done to gratify an individual desire is of necessity vicious. It shows great ignorance of human nature to suppose either that any one thinks thus, or that all the flattery of all the politicians that ever lived could lead any one to suppose that he thought thus.

The second error that runs through every part of the *Fable of the Bees* and the notes to it is an error in political economy. Mandeville's whole theory rests on the principle that the wealth of a nation is increased by luxury—that it would be poorer if there were no waste, and if every one were frugal and industrious. This is like saying that the way to have a cake is to eat it. It is self-evident that if we all worked as hard as we do now, and spent half as much, and invested our savings in reproductive labour, the wealth of the country and its military power and population would be increased beyond all calculation. Nothing but want of available capital, want of confidence, want of honesty, want of industry, and the prevalence of all sorts of wasteful extravagance, prevents us from making every part of the United Kingdom as fruitful as a garden, and making it capable of supporting in plenty perhaps twice its present population. All this, however, is so well established by modern political economy, that it would be mere waste of time to insist upon it.

The notes on the *Fable of the Bees* are followed by an essay on Charity Schools, which is curious as supplying perhaps the first specimen of a way of writing about popular education which prevailed down to our own times, and of which a careful observation may still detect some faint echoes. Education, says Mandeville, would unfit the poor for hard work. It would make them discontented and insubordinate. They are much too well off as it is, and are continually raising their demands. Servants are becoming proud and insolent, and consider themselves the equals if not the superiors of their masters. This is all commonplace enough, but the peculiarity of Mandeville is the naked way in which he gives his reasons for wishing to see the

poor perpetually kept down to the very lowest level, and never allowed to rise above it:—

In a free nation where slaves are not allowed of, the surest wealth consists in a multitude of laborious poor. To make the society happy and people easy under the meanest circumstances, it is requisite that great numbers of them should be ignorant as well as poor. Knowledge both enlarges and multiplies our desires, and the fewer things a man wishes for the more easily his necessities may be supplied.

Elsewhere he says:—

Abundance of hard and dirty labour is to be done, and coarse living to be complied with. Where shall we find a better nursery for those necessities than the children of the poor? . . . These are truths that are undeniable, yet I know few people will be pleased to have them divulged; what makes them odious is an unreasonable vein of petty reverence for the poor that runs through most multitudes, and more particularly in this nation, and this arises from a mixture of pity, folly, and superstition. It is from a lively sense of this compound that men cannot endure to hear or see anything said or acted against the poor without considering how just the one or insolent the other. So a beggar must not be beat though he strikes you first. Journeyman tailors go to law with their masters, and are obstinate in a wrong cause, yet they must be pitied; and murmuring weavers must be relieved, and have fifty silly things done to humour them, though in the midst of their poverty they insult their betters, and on all occasions appear to be more prone to make holiday and riots than they are to working or sobriety.

A sufficient answer to this may be found in the observation that Mandeville seems to have had no other notion of public prosperity than the power and brilliancy of a small minority, supported by the misery or contented degradation of a mass of slaves. He does not appear to have regarded the happiness and virtue of the most numerous class of society as an object which it was possible to obtain, or which would have been desirable if it had been possible.

Mandeville's *Search into the State of Society* is a repetition and expansion of the argument of the *Fable of the Bees*. Its object is to analyse all that is usually called virtue into cases of what is usually called vice—courage becomes vanity, good manners hypocrisy, and so on; but the whole gist of the essay lies in two short passages:—

The sociableness of man arises only from these two things—namely, the multiplicity of his desires, and the continual opposition he meets with in his endeavours to gratify them. . . . Neither the friendly qualities and kind affections that are natural to man, nor the real virtues he is capable of acquiring by reason or self-denial, are the foundation of society; but that which we call evil in this world, moral as well as natural, is the grand principle that makes us sociable creatures, the solid basis, the life and support of all trades and employments without exception.

The second part of the *Fable of the Bees* is thrown into the form of dialogues, in which the doctrines of the first part are developed by Horatio and Cleomenes. The most remarkable distinctive feature of this part of the case is the attempt which Mandeville makes to give an air of strict orthodoxy to his views. "Cleomenes," he tells us in his preface, "was fully persuaded, not only of the veracity of the Christian religion, but likewise of the severity of its precepts." He "believed the Bible to be the word of God without reserve, and was entirely convinced of the mysterious as well as historical truths that are contained in it." Cleomenes moreover "was of opinion that, of all religious virtues, nothing was more scarce or more difficult to acquire than Christian humility, and that to destroy the possibility of ever attaining it nothing was so effectual as what is called a gentleman's education."

The same tone runs through all the dialogues. Orthodoxy and disbelief are in all ages close allies in the opinion of a large class of influential writers. Montaigne, Pascal, Bayle, and many others have shown this temper in different ways, as it is shown in our own days by men who differ from each other as widely as Mr. Mansel and Dr. Newman. Mandeville's peculiar variety of that way of thinking may be thrown into the following propositions:—

Christian virtue is different in kind from worldly morality, and stands on its own foundation.

The facts on which the Christian history of the fall and redemption of man stands differ generically from other facts, and stand on their own foundations.

If Christian morals prevailed in practice, the world would be either a monastery or a garden of Eden—a place destitute of all science, art, and trade.

Worldly morality is only vice in disguise. The play of the vices of men against each other produces splendour, wealth, and knowledge—the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life.

Of course this admits of being put into a highly orthodox shape, and of being backed up with every sort of theological argument; but it is impossible to read the book without feeling that Mandeville did not really believe one word of what he said about the divinity of Christianity, though there are here and there passages which look almost as if he had talked and written himself into a sort of sincerity on the subject, or at least into unconscious insincerity. The matter, however, is not worth minute examination, for though the style has considerable merit in regard to force and simplicity, Mandeville himself, his theories and his satire, are perhaps as disgusting as any productions which have attracted much permanent attention.

Low as is our estimate of Mandeville, there is, we think, something to be learnt from him, for he certainly does raise, in an effective though one-sided and shallow way, one of the great problems of morality. He proves triumphantly that it is possible to present cases of what are usually called virtue as cases of what are usually called vice; and, contemptible as his political economy

certainly is, it cannot be denied that it is difficult to imagine a perfectly innocent world which would be human and would not be very stupid. The difficulty, however, lies in seeing how men could be prosperous without being tempted into vice. There is no difficulty in seeing how superhuman strength and prudence might conduce at once to a maximum of happiness and an absence of vice. On Mandeville's principles, the worse men are the wiser and happier they ought to be in their collective capacity. What is the solution of this difficulty? How can we reconcile self-sacrifice and self-denial with the doctrine that happiness is the object of morals? Yet, if happiness is not the object of morals, how can we form any scheme of morality, or, having formed one, affirm that in fact any such thing as morality exists?

We will try to throw into a connected form some propositions which collectively furnish a sort of answer to these questions. Their full development, defence, and illustration would require a volume.

Morality is a system of rules affecting human conduct. Some are negative (Do not lie), some positive (Be industrious).

The object which these rules are intended to promote is general happiness.

Acts which conform to them are virtuous, and those which break them are vicious acts.

Men are impelled to act by their passions, which are neither good nor bad in themselves, but which cause both good and bad actions according to circumstances. All passions cause both good and bad actions. Some (*e.g.* benevolence—the pleasure of pleasing) generally cause good actions; and others (malevolence—the pleasure of hurting) generally cause bad actions; hence they are often called good and bad passions respectively, but this is incorrect.

Men whose passions are so regulated and proportioned as habitually to cause them to observe or break the rules of morality are virtuous or vicious men respectively.

The habitual practice of the positive and negative rules of morality tends to produce a cast of character which is called, emphatically, virtue or goodness. A man who made the attainment of this cast of character the object of his whole life would be an ideally virtuous man when it was attained.

The necessity for self-control and self-sacrifice arises from the fact that human passions are so arranged that, in order to gratify some, others must be disappointed. Those which are popularly, but incorrectly, called bad passions give more frequent occasion for the exercise of self-control and self-sacrifice than those which are popularly called good passions (*e.g.* the love of sensual pleasure, as compared with benevolence). As all acts are caused by some passion or other, acts are not bad because they gratify passion, or good because they disappoint passion. Almost all acts gratify some passions and disappoint others (giving charity gratifies benevolence and disappoints love of money).

The question why moral rules should be observed, and why virtue should be sought, is independent of these principles.

So is the question, How we may know in what virtue and morality consist.

So is the question, How we do, in fact, think and feel towards virtuous and vicious men or acts, and how we ought to think and feel towards them—*i.e.* what way of thinking and feeling towards them would contribute to the general advantage.

It is obvious that, if these principles are at all like the truth, the whole of Mandeville's views are onesided, incoherent, and altogether false and partial.

HOOK'S LIVES OF THE ARCHBISHOPS.—VOL. V.*

(Second Notice.)

THE first of the six Primates commemorated in the present volume is also the most famous. He had the good sense and good luck to found a College, and so to bind a perpetual succession of generations to sing his praises. Indeed his fame is likely to exceed his deserts; it is not improbable that, before long, Henry Chicheley will get credit for having been so far in advance of his age as to found Professorships of Modern History and International Law. None of the other Archbishops in this volume have left so enduring a monument behind them, and it should be remembered that All Souls is only one of several foundations at Oxford and elsewhere which owed their origin to his bounty. And if All Souls College does not at this moment exactly answer either the objects designed by its founder or the objects designed by its modern reformers, no one is so unfair as to lay the blame on Chicheley. On the other hand, Chicheley's name has got to a certain extent an evil report as a persecutor of Lollards, and as a stirrer up of war between France and England. Dr. Hook's intense, and by no means wholly undeserved, admiration for Henry the Fifth blinds him somewhat to the force of this last charge. No doubt war was looked on then in a different way from that in which it is looked on now, and no doubt also Henry had a better technical justification than appears at first sight. But it was certainly against the morality even of that age for a churchman to be the inciter of a war which, to say the least, was not a war of necessity, nor a war waged in self-defence. So far as it was not contrary to the feelings of the time, it was because the churchmen of that day had so completely sunk their spiritual character in that of lawyers and statesmen. We cannot fancy Anselm or Edmund engaged in any

such business. And even if Chicheley was, as Dr. Hook tells us, less prominent in the matter than the common stories make out, Dr. Hook does not attempt wholly to deny his complicity as the chief adviser of Henry. But that Chicheley stirred up the war in order to avert a threatened attack on the wealth or the abuses of the Church is much less clearly made out. It is much more likely that Chicheley, as a statesman, simply took the view which an ordinary statesman of his time would naturally take, but which we submit that an ecclesiastical statesman ought not to have taken.

But it must be said for Chicheley that, starting as a lawyer supported by a number of neglected ecclesiastical offices, he seems to have gradually awakened to a higher sense of his responsibility, and to have withdrawn himself more and more from secular employments and devoted himself to the proper work of his calling. His affection for his native place, Higham Ferrers, is an amiable feature in his character, and one which has left interesting traces behind it. He attached a college of priests to the parish church, one of the finest of the fine parish churches of Northamptonshire, though he did not, as Dr. Hook seems to think, make any important changes in the fabric. This foundation of course vanished along with other foundations of the same kind under Edward the Sixth; but we confess we should like to know something more of Chicheley's other foundation, the bede-house, as the foundation seems still to exist, though the building is in ruins. It is an excellent specimen of the type of hospital with a chapel at one end. Dr. Hook gives more credence than we can to the legend of Chicheley being found by William of Wykeham as a boy tending sheep. Chicheley's family were clearly not peasants, but well-to-do tradesmen. His brothers stuck to their shops and thrived thereby, growing into leading citizens and magistrates of London. As a Primate, Chicheley failed, according to Dr. Hook, in sufficient steadiness of resistance to the Papal claims in their new shape. As for the Lollards, Dr. Hook has but little sympathy with them. Oldcastle or Cobham, whichever we are to call him, is in his eyes much more a ringleader of sedition than a martyr. As a whole, though Chicheley himself is rather a descent from the great Primates of the heroic age of Canterbury, it is an interesting life well told.

We pass over Stafford, a second-rate man altogether, and Kemp, an able statesman, but one who cuts but a poor figure as an Archbishop, and hasten to Thomas Bouchier—perhaps a smaller man in himself than Kemp, but one whose direct connexion with great events makes him a more attractive subject, and with whom Dr. Hook has dealt in his best manner. Bouchier was himself, by the female line, of royal descent, and he had the privilege of crowning three Kings, Edward the Fourth, Richard the Third, and Henry the Seventh. Dr. Hook charitably makes the best of him, as he does of all his characters; but he certainly was a bit of a timeserver. Now his successor Morton, we think, was not. Morton was a steady adherent to the House of Lancaster, as long as the House of Lancaster existed. When it was extinct, and not till then, he entered the service of Edward the Fourth, now, on his principles, the lawful King; he served him faithfully, he clave to the interests of his family, and had a chief hand in promoting the union of the rival claims by the marriage of Henry the Seventh with Elizabeth of York. Of course we do not expect every man to be a martyr, and the mass of mankind in every country do well to submit quietly to whatever government they find established. But we cannot help stopping to think twice about a Primate, the first subject in the realm, who is always ready at a moment's notice to crown any King who may turn up. The whole of the period included in the lives of Bouchier and Morton is dealt with by Dr. Hook with unusual vigour. We here feel him to be really an historian. The portraits both of his Primates and of the contemporary Kings are powerfully drawn. Dr. Hook ranks Edward the Fourth far higher in the scale of princes than most writers do. As far as ability, or rather the capacity for ability, goes, there is no doubt about it. Edward was a great general, and he understood the spirit of the age. But he was grossly licentious, in an age when gross licence was certainly not the rule of English Kings; he was idle, sensual in every way; he used his undoubted courage and ability only by fits and starts; he was faithless beyond measure, and barbarously cruel. We cannot call such a man a great King. We do not believe that the opinion of the time at all palliated the murder of Henry the Sixth. Edward was popular; his jovial vices helped to make him so, as well as his wise encouragement of trade; and therefore people liked to transfer the blame of the murder from him to his brother, who, afterwards at least, became a convenient scapegoat. But all that Dr. Hook has to say about Edward, Richard, and Henry is very forcibly put. Here is what he says about the transfer of allegiance from Henry to Edward:—

The difficulty with reference to a transfer of his allegiance, which afterwards perplexed Sancroft, was not likely to present itself to the mind of Bouchier. He would bring feudal notions to bear upon the subject. Protection and service were regarded as reciprocal. Service was rendered on the ground of protection being extended to the servant. If protection was withheld, service might be withdrawn. But, on the other hand, it is difficult to understand how Bouchier could reconcile it to his conscience to anoint Edward king, while Henry, the anointed of the Lord, was still living. He may have felt that, when the king could not, and when the queen, who assumed to act in the king's name, would not protect the subject, the people had a right to renounce their oath of fealty, and to choose for a king the man who could protect them. Certain it is, the more closely we study the history of our country, that while we find the loyalty of the English to the sovereign exhibited under the most adverse circumstances, the loyalty was not that which the Jacobites regarded as such. The interests of the

* *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury.* By Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., F.R.S. Vol. V. London: Richard Bentley. 1867.

country were the first concern; and a loyalty incompatible with those interests, might be regarded as treason against the State.

We wonder how far the Archbishop was influenced by the Yorkist subtlety about Henry's forfeiture of the Crown. Henry bore arms against the Duke of York after the compromise by virtue of which he was acknowledged as King for life with Richard as his heir-apparent. He thus lost his rights under that compromise—his only rights according to the Yorkist theory. Except on this view, Edward's claim was a very bad one. Henry had not been deposed by Parliament, like Edward the Second and Richard the Second. In that case of course there could not be any doubt as to the duty of an Archbishop or any other man. But Edward's claim was a sort of union of the extreme doctrine of legitimacy with the extreme doctrine of popular election. A tumultuous London mob shouts for the descendant of the elder brother, and from that day his reign is counted. To be sure Bourchier did not crown him till after Towton, but, even after Towton, there were still battles to be fought. When, after Warwick's counter-revolution, Edward, fresh from his atrocious perjury at York, hastened towards London, Archbishop Bourchier was busy in preparing the way for him; he welcomed him to the city, passed Maunday Thursday and Good Friday with him, seemingly in feasting, and sent him forth with his blessing on Easter Eve, for the terrible Paschal sacrifice of Barnet. We then find him persuading Queen Elizabeth to give up her son, when her mother's instinct told her that he was in danger from his uncle. Then he is ready to submit to Richard, equally so to submit to Henry. No doubt, in all this changing to and fro he did but go with the great mass of the nation. Richard may have taken him in, and he may therefore have thought himself justified in welcoming his rival, perhaps in conspiring against him. But a man in so high a place as Bourchier, who in such a time as that never finds an occasion for a stand or a protest, must be set down as a timeserver.

Morton, as we said, we rank higher. His life is, we think, the best that Dr. Hook has yet given us; it contains several very vigorous passages. His installation at Ely is well described; the picture of the deathbed of Edward the Fourth rises far higher. We will give an extract:—

Edward had many friends. A good-natured man, he found pleasure in serving those who served him; he made their interests his own. A thoroughly selfish man, he was surrounded by enemies; if his dearest friend had stood in his way, he would have dashed him to the earth, although he had just before raised him to a pinnacle, from which to dash him made his fall the greater. Although revenge was sweet to him, he was placable, and would easily forgive. Affable to all, he never permitted his affability to degenerate into a vulgar air of condescension; and although he encouraged all to speak their minds freely in his presence, nobody ever ventured to take a liberty with the handsome, rollicking young king. An excitable man, he would be seen in the morning weeping at his devotions; and soon after, without a tear, consigning hundreds of his fellow-creatures to destruction, and concluding the day at the house of some citizen who sought his favour by pandering to his vices. He found pleasure in the conversation of the noble, the wise, and the good; while he listened with equal satisfaction to the flattery of the courtizan, the epicure, the parasite, and the buffoon. In war he shared the hardships of the common soldier, or joined with him in his sports; while, as a general, his intuitions were such, that, seeing through the mist, and hearing in the midst of noise, his presence of mind never forsook him, and he could command the victory. In peace he was among merchants the most shrewd and money-making; while in his Court the effeminate king was at the command of his Italian tailor. In short, the most good-natured, affable, and popular man of the day had, for his selfish purposes, shed more blood than any prince in Christendom; and this lay heavy at his heart during his last sad hours.

The sojourn of Morton with Buckingham, and indeed the whole account of the revolutions of those few busy years, is given with great power and spirit. It only makes us regret that the form of Dr. Hook's work involves so much at once both of omission and repetition. When a life of Bourchier is followed by a life of Morton, a complete consecutive narrative of the events in which both Bourchier and Morton were concerned is impossible. We get something which is more than the life of an Archbishop, but which is less than the history of a kingdom. This, however, is inseparable from the plan of a series of lives in such an age. In earlier times the difficulty was felt much less strongly.

In Bourchier's life we come across the famous Bishop Pecock. Dr. Hook points out the mistake of the common way of looking on Pecock as a premature Protestant. In fact he was a strong opponent of Lollardism, and a vigorous supporter of the Papal claims in their strongest form. It was indeed his extreme Popery which brought down upon him the censures of Church and State at home. At Rome he was naturally looked on with far more favour. Still we think that Dr. Hook should have brought out more clearly than he does that Pecock, though no Protestant—unless an Ultramontane can be called a Protestant—held distinctly Protestant views on some particular points, such as the marriage of the clergy. Pecock as a writer, we are glad to see, meets with his full deserts at the hands of Dr. Hook.

Our last Primate is our solitary monk—if an Austin Canon can be called a monk—Henry Dean, Prior of Llanthony, Bishop of Bangor, Archbishop of Canterbury. But, like our last monk, Simon Langham, he was none the less employed in temporal business because of his religious vows. He was most famous as being Chancellor of Ireland at the time of the passing of Poyning's Law. He seems to have held the see of Bangor as the most convenient English see for one whose headquarters were at Dublin. He could hardly help now and then passing through his diocese. But Dean did more than this. He did a great deal towards rebuilding both the Cathedral and the Palace, both of which had lain in

ruins ever since the time of Owen Glyndwr. As a matter of art, however, it is no great credit to have built the poorest, though not the smallest, Cathedral in Britain. St. Asaph, smaller still, has some genuine character about it; Bangor has absolutely none.

Dean filled the see of Canterbury two years; he never found time to be enthroned, and he committed the charge of the diocese to a suffragan. With him Dr. Hook ends the Mediaeval period. In the days of his successor Warham we get the beginnings of a new state of things. We shall look anxiously to see how Dr. Hook fares on the dangerous ground of the sixteenth century.

SWINBURNE'S SONG OF ITALY.*

MR. SWINBURNE has not been fortunate in the order of his publications. His earliest volume, *Atalanta in Calydon*, is on the whole his best, and the *Song of Italy* is incomparably the worst. In saying this we do not at all mean to deny that there is considerable power of a certain kind in *Chastelard*, and still more, though with larger mixture of alloy, both moral and intellectual, in *Poems and Ballads*. But whereas *Atalanta*, as we took occasion to point out at the time, contained the germs of great excellences and great faults, Mr. Swinburne has chiefly devoted himself since to curtailing the excellences and developing the faults. His peculiar merit lies undoubtedly in what his ablest apologist has called his singular "assimilative or reproductive" power. There is indeed much, both in the matter and form of *Atalanta*, which is very unclassical; but still its distinguishing praise is to have reproduced, with so much both of force and fidelity, the old Greek ideal. In *Chastelard* he took a modern subject, and, in spite of much vigorous writing, he made a mess of it. The central character in the drama is preternaturally repulsive in her combined personification of cruelty and lust with scarcely a redeeming trait; Chastelard himself has too little individuality to interest us; and the rest are mere lay figures. The sensuous element, which is sufficiently offensive in *Chastelard*, becomes positively revolting in Mr. Swinburne's next publication; nor we are disposed to reconsider the verdict we pronounced upon it at the time, though Mr. Rossetti assures us that its worst features are purely imitative, and a writer in the *Westminster Review* has discovered that the author's treatment of even the most questionable subjects—for instance, in the loathsome details of "Les Noyades"—is "cautiously chaste." But Mr. Swinburne is so angry with his critics—or, to use his own language, the "professional pressmen" who have assailed him—that he seems determined to avenge himself on their impertinent strictures by learning nothing they may have to teach, and forgetting nothing they have condemned. To take a single instance of the most rudimentary and technical kind, his facility of language betrays him into a use of alliteration so plentiful as to become absolutely wearisome. Even the most friendly critics have complained of its perpetual recurrence; but, so far from any attempt to control it, the *Song of Italy* is a string of alliterations from beginning to end. We need not give special examples of this, for every passage, almost every line, we shall quote will serve to illustrate it.

There is another charge to which the present poem may perhaps be intended as a reply. Mr. Swinburne has been accused, even by his warmest admirers, of a want of earnest belief—of showing no signs of faith in any higher ideal out of and beyond himself. The *Song of Italy* bears the semblance of a fierce and passionate devotion to the cause of freedom. But then it is just the same kind of feeling as that expressed in the songs "In Time of Revolution," and "In Time of Order," in his last volume. Its earnestness, such as it is, is purely destructive. It is merely one phase of that hatred of "creeds that refuse and restrain" which makes him invoke the dethroned divinity of Paphos to "come down and redeem us from virtue." It is an angry scream of defiance against authority of every kind, whether in heaven or on earth, which has nothing of the genuine ring of patriotism and love of liberty about it. The present volume is very appropriately "inscribed, with all devotion and reverence, to Joseph Mazzini," the avowed advocate of the dagger, the "father of Italy," "our prophet and our priest"; and though room is found for an impassioned eulogy on Orsini—"the slayer of splendid brow," who "lit blind France with compulsory ray," from whom the "fresh springs ran," and "the lady-land that queens the earth sat as she gave new birth"—there is no word of praise for Cavour, whose single-minded and far-seeing patriotism even his enemies were constrained to acknowledge. Even Garibaldi is only introduced as a foil to the far higher greatness of "the chief," "blessed of all men living," in whose honour sun and wind, land and sea, and all the cities, mountains, valleys, and rivers of Italy are summoned to unite their voices—

Saying "for thy love's sake and our perished grief
We laud thee, O our chief;"
Saying "for thine hand and help when hope was dead
We thank thee, O our head;"
Saying "for thy voice and face within our sight
We bless thee, O our light;
For waters cleansing us from days defiled
We praise thee, O our child."

Nor is Mr. Swinburne content with calling on "the priestless Rome that shall be"; he also calls on the Italian Republic of the future to "bind in bonds the kingdomless far lands." England has passed "among the faded nations" since she became a monarchy.

* *A Song of Italy*. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: John Camden Hotten. 1867.

Whether her condition was any better under the heptarchy does not appear, but there is hope for her in the future—

When sea to sea
Calls through the wind and light of morning time,
And throneless clime to clime
Makes antipodal answer.

In short, Mr. Swinburne's aspirations are for the dawn of that happy day, which he sees approaching, "when the last priest shall be swallowed in the belly of the last king." It has been suggested that the *Song of Italy*, though lyrical in form, may be dramatic in purpose, and that the author is speaking, not in his own character, but in the person of an Italian patriot. Probably he would himself attach little importance to the distinction. He is not one of those who sing because they must, from some inner necessity of their nature which craves for utterance. He writes because he has very unusual power of poetical composition, though it consists more in fecundity of language than in depth of thought, and is imitative rather than original. In this his latest poem he has given lyrical expression to the sentiments of the extreme party of Italian revolutionists, who swear by Mazzini, and will be content with nothing but a republic; and it is so far natural for him to choose the theme that restraint of every kind, moral, religious, social, political, or even literary, is obviously odious to him. In this sense, and in no other, may the *Song of Italy* be accepted as a pledge of earnestness. It does not show a faith in freedom, or duty, or truth, or in any higher power, but a hearty unbelief based on a hearty dislike of any external standard which can limit individual caprice. So far from disproving the indictment of his critics, it is a fresh confirmation of its justice.

We have already referred to one of Mr. Swinburne's characteristic faults, which is exaggerated, instead of being corrected, in his latest poem. Another and a worse defect, more prominently exhibited here than in any former production, is his striking poverty of thought. The *Song of Italy* rings the changes from beginning to end on one idea, and one only, which is repeated, with a marvellous fecundity and richness of diction but a wearisome iteration of affected enthusiasm, through sixty pages. The glory of Mazzini and the Italian Revolution supplies, not only the keynote, but the whole substance of the song. It contains nothing else. And with all the voluptuous music of its rhythmical flow, the patience of the most ardent Mazzinian can hardly fail to be exhausted before he has got to the end of it. We feel as if we had been swallowing a surfeit of raspberry jam. Moreover, even here, where there is nothing whatever in the subject to suggest such a treatment, Mr. Swinburne cannot altogether keep clear of his inveterate habit of gloating over the more carnal and sensuous aspects of passion—the feeling of "warm hands and sweet live lips," the "dear fair limbs," and "flower-like breath and bosom;" nor of course can he refrain from his favourite simile of "such tears as burn like bitter wine." At the opening of the poem two figures appear "upon a windy night of stars," one kneeling at the feet of the other, "with covered hair and face," clasping her knees. The first, standing "over star and sun," is Freedom; the second, at her feet, is Italy. We give the greater part of the address of Freedom to her "child," which is, both in conception and expression, the happiest portion of the poem, though affording copious illustration of some of its characteristic faults:—

Because the years were heavy on thy head;
Because dead things are dead;
Because thy chosen on hill-side, city and plain
Are shed as drops of rain;
Because all earth was black, all heaven was blind,
And we cast out of mind;
Because men wept, saying *Freedom*, knowing of thee,
Child, that thou wast not free;
Because wherever blood was not shame was
Where thy pure foot did pass;
Because on Promethean rocks distent
The fouler eagles rent;
Because a serpent stains with slime and foam
This that is not thy Rome;
Child of my womb, whose limbs were made in me,
Have I forgotten thee?
In all thy dreams through all these years on wing,
Hast thou dreamed such a thing?
The mortal mother-bird outsoars her nest,
The child outgrows the breast;
But suns as stars shall fall from heaven and cease,
Ere we twain be as these;
Yea, utmost skies forget their utmost sun,
Ere we twain be not one.
My lesser jewels sewn on skirt and hem,
I have no heed of them
Obscured and flawed by sloth or craft or power;
But thou, that wast my flower,
The blossom bound between my brows and worn
In sight of even and morn
From the last ember of the flameless west
To the dawn's baring breast—
I were not Freedom if thou wert not free,
Nor thou wert Italy.
O mystic rose ingrained with blood, imperaled
With tears of all the world!
The torpor of their blind brute-ridden trance
Kills England and chills France;
And Spain sobs hard through strangling blood; and snows
Hide the huge eastern woes,
But thou, twin-born with morning, nursed of noon,
And blessed of star and moon!
What shall avail to assail thee any more,
From sacred shore to shore?

Have Time and Love not knelt down at thy feet,
Thy sore, thy soiled, thy sweet,
Fresh from the flints and mire of murderous ways
And dust of travelling days?
Hath Time not kissed them, Love not washed them fair,
And wiped with tears and hair?
Though God forget thee, I will not forget;
Though heaven and earth be set
Against thee, O unconquerable child,
Abused, abased, reviled,
Lift thou not less from no funeral bed
Thine undishonoured head;
Love thou not less, by lips of thine once prest,
This my now barren breast:
Seek thou not less, being well assured thereof,
O child, my latest love.

The last couplet illustrates a carelessness about his rhymes which is not unfrequent with Mr. Swinburne. Italia, thus invoked, rises from the sea, like Venus of old, and the poet proceeds to address her in a long and rather monotonous rhapsody, broken by a vigorous malediction on the Austrians and the Pope:—

So, pale or red with change of fast and feast,
The sanguine-sandalled priest;
So the Austrian, when his fortune came to flood,
And the warm wave was blood;
With wings that widened and with beak that smote,
So shrieked through either throat
From the hot horror of its northern nest
That double-headed pest;
So, triple-crowned with fear and fraud and shame,
He of whom treason came,
The herdsman of the Gadarean swine;
So all his ravening kine,
Made fat with poisonous pasture.

Then follows the rapturous laudation of "the foiled tyrannicide" Orsini, already referred to, and the last half of the poem is one long act of homage, we might say of adoration, to the "sacred soul" of Mazzini, in which all nature, animate and inanimate, and all tribes, cities, and regions of Italy, are called to join. It is a new version of the Benedicite in honour of a new divinity. Mazzini carrying Italy in his arms is prefigured in the legend of St. Christopher carrying the child who "waxed greater as he trod, and altered and was God"; Italy, "our lady of pity and mercy, and full of grace," is adjoined by the wounds her "holy body bears" to have mercy on the "things" that once hated and tormented her, but are now howling and wailing before her knees—that is, the priests; while Rome is bidden to find in the worship of her deliverers a substitute for the old worship which has passed away for ever. A few lines will quite suffice for a specimen of this later portion of the Song:—

And thou, O supreme city,
O priestless Rome that shall be, take in trust
Their names, their deeds, their dust,
Who held life less than thou wert; be the least
To thee indeed a priest,
Priest and burnt-offering and blood-sacrifice
Given without prayer or price,
A holier immolation than men wist,
A costlier eucharist,
A sacrament more saving; bend thine head
Above these many dead
Once, and salute with thine eternal eyes
Their lowest head that lies.

There is even less evidence of the *limæ labor* being applied to this than to the author's earlier efforts. His facility of lyrical expression is a snare to him. There is much, no doubt, here as elsewhere, of rhythmical beauty, and much of promise. But that is just what we said two years ago of *Atalanta*. And if we are satisfied with promise in a first work, we may fairly look for something of performance—at least some correction of notorious faults—in a fourth. But Mr. Swinburne's advance is "progress by antagonism" to his critics, and consists chiefly in advancing downhill. Each successive volume multiplies the defects and dilutes the merits of its predecessors. The first gave evidence that he might be a considerable poet if he would, and the last only strengthens the presumption that he will not. The *Song of Italy* is not the kind of stuff to live.

NOTRE-DAME DE THERMIDOR.*

IF it were only for the three or four curious historical etchings reproduced in this volume, we have reason to be grateful to M. Arsène Houssaye and his publisher. The Carmagnole as danced after the revolution of Thermidor, the concert in Madame Tallien's saloons, the portraits of Madame Tallien herself in the capricious costumes of the various epochs of the French Republic, are all, as far as they go, intrinsically interesting and valuable illustrations of the history to which they belong. And M. Houssaye's own part of the work is very completely and skilfully done. He has given every available document on which the sketch of his heroine's character is based, so that his readers are placed in the same position with himself for all purposes of verifying the accuracy of the outline which he draws. The style is perhaps hardly that of severe historical truth, and the materials appear to have required some amplification before they could exhibit the proper fulness and roundness of historical romance. Some of the details do not bear the stamp of unquestionable authenticity; others are given as doubtful, and in an alternative form; but

* *Notre-Dame de Thermidor; Histoire de Madame Tallien.* Par Arsène Houssaye. Paris: Henri Plon. 1866.

the general effect is substantially a true one. "Our Lady of Thermidor," to judge from M. Houssaye's memoir, was not, strictly speaking, a great or heroic woman, though she showed herself on occasion not deficient in heroic qualities. It is clear that she was gifted with remarkable beauty, with strong nerves and ready courage, with a mixed Spanish temperament of feminine softness and manly ambition, and with as much honesty of principle as was generally to be found among the society of her time. There is no indication in her intellectual nature of any peculiar power, delicacy, or subtlety. Vain and luxurious in her personal tastes, she appears to have been equal to the task of leading the dance of Parisian life away from the contemplation of the volcano which had engulfed so much, and which was still dangerously smouldering. She could fascinate the leaders of the hour, but her fascination had not the touch of genius which might have made her influence solid and durable. If she had lived a century earlier, she might possibly have won from St. Simon a more or less elaborate character-portrait somewhere among the second-rate ladies of the Court of Louis XIV. As it was, her fate and her beauty placed her for a few months in the highest seat of France; and the want of some stronger quality to back up her beauty and her fate in a few months took her down again. Tallien lacked the vigour that might have maintained himself and her; and she was not capable of permanently inspiring Tallien. They both dropped gradually and silently out of the eminent place in French history which they had won in the boldness of a moment of despair. Tallien died in obscure poverty in Paris, in 1820. Madame Tallien lived till 1835, in the enjoyment of full domestic happiness with her third husband (her *vrai mari*, says M. Arsène Houssaye), Count Joseph de Caraman, Prince of Chimay. Even if her individuality of character had been still more faintly marked, her *rôle* in the historical pageant of her time was a notable and curious one.

Tereza de Cabarrus, daughter of a successful Finance Minister of Spain, came to Paris in 1788 at the age of sixteen, shone out at once as a fashionable star, and married (*sans question de dot*, in consideration of her beauty) an aristocratic, elderly *roué*, the Marquis de Fontenay. While Madame de Fontenay, she twice happened to see the handsome young Tallien in Paris—once as a press corrector, the next time as a private secretary. But for the "general overturn" of French society which was then so close at hand, the Marchioness and the literary plebeian might never have met again, or at most would probably never have reached any closer relations than those of the fashionable patroness of meritorious talent and the clever *parvenu* of the pen. During the period of transition from the Monarchy to the Republic, Madame de Fontenay caught her third glimpse of Tallien, then growing into a public character, perorating in the name of the Commune of Paris and in justification of the 10th of August, to the Legislative Assembly. The next time that they met, the "citoyenne" Fontenay, wife of a suspect ex-noble, and herself convicted of abetting some innocent fugitives in their escape on board of an English vessel, was reduced to beg her own and her husband's life from the enamoured clemency of the revolutionary pro-consul Tallien, in the prison of Bordeaux. Either with or without a divorce, the *ci-devant* Marquis and Marchioness were here separated for ever. The one fled for his life across the Pyrenees, the other remained under the safeguard of Tallien, whose avowed wife she afterwards became. M. Houssaye's authority for the details of this critical epoch in his heroine's career appears to be derived from her own statements, as reported by her friends or her children. No trace of the captivity or the release of the citizeness Fontenay, or Cabarrus, is to be found in the prison records or in the memories of the oldest inhabitants of Bordeaux. Even the record of the provincial reign of terror maintained there by Tallien and his colleague Ysabeau has faded into indistinctness. Nor do any pamphlets published after the revolution of Thermidor, when the consort of Tallien had become the queen of the hour in France, throw any light upon the actual events which brought about the connexion between the two. It is natural enough that no traceable record of the arrest of Madame de Fontenay should have existed, if she was taken into custody in the midst of an excited mob almost in the act of her counter-revolutionary crime of aiding an escape, and recognised by Tallien almost in the moment of her capture. And when Tallien had resolved to save her from the short justice of the revolutionary tribunal, and to keep her for his own, he would for his own security be anxious to efface any such record, if it did exist; for the pro-consuls of Bordeaux were "meriting well of their country" under the watchful and far-reaching eyes of Robespierre. A single ostentatious act of clemency reported by any anonymous spy might turn the trusted right-hand of the Committee of Public Safety into a vile instrument of offence, fit only to be cut off and cast away. We have no right, therefore, to expect any better source of evidence than Madame Tallien herself; nor have we any reason for doubting that her account is true in the main, even if slightly coloured by a pardonable self-love. M. Houssaye quotes abundant testimony to the fact that the influence she soon gained over Tallien (whatever were the incidents of the bargain by which it was purchased) was used only in the interests of humanity. If the Spanish Cleopatra made her Parisian Antony forget his stern duty of keeping the *sainte guillotine* in full work, by encouraging him to take pleasure in luxurious pomp and vague idleness, her time was well employed. And she had the courage to maintain, at all hazards, that she had done well. When, in May, 1794, she had been sent, by order of the Committee of Public Safety, to the

prison of La Force, one of Robespierre's emissaries was instructed to offer her immediate release if she would sign a statement that Tallien had betrayed the Republic at Bordeaux. She refused indignantly. Robespierre was incapable of pity for either man or woman who imagined that the Republic could be saved by any method except that which he had laid down; and if Tereza Cabarrus would not buy her life by assisting him to strike at Tallien's head, he could at least strike through her at Tallien's heart, while avenging on her person the scant measure of Tallien's severity at Bordeaux, due to her influence. It is clear that Robespierre persecuted her with an exceptional malignity, which in a less honest fanatic might possibly have been traced to an instinct that her destiny was somehow fated to govern his own. Two days before the 9th Thermidor, Tallien implored Robespierre to release Madame de Fontenay in pledge of a newly-cemented political union. Robespierre refused. Had he granted Tallien's request, the Reign of Terror might have prolonged itself further into history. Had a single day been added to his power, the head of Notre-Dame de Thermidor, as she was so soon to be called, would have fallen before his own in the basket of the guillotine. A Spanish dagger, and a cry for help from the prison of La Force, armed Tallien with the strength of despair. The note given by M. Houssaye, if authentic, shows considerable power of character:—

L'administrateur de police sort d'ici; il est venu m'annoncer que demain je monterai au tribunal; c'est-à-dire sur l'échafaud. Cela ressemble bien peu au rêve que j'ai fait cette nuit: Robespierre n'existerait plus, et les prisons étaient ouvertes. . . . mais, grâce à votre insigne lâcheté, il ne se trouvera bientôt plus personne en France capable de le réaliser.

Tallien replied with these few words, which must have given but vague comfort to the poor prisoner waiting her turn to be summoned before Fouquier Tinville's summary tribunal:—"Soyez aussi prudente que j'aurai du courage, mais calmez votre tête."

The poniard of Tereza Cabarrus was a powerful token, but Tallien could not afford to use such an instrument except in the vengeance of utter despair. To have stricken Robespierre in the dark, or stabbed him in the face of day, would have been useless as long as the equally passionless St. Just and the sworn friends of Robespierre grasped the reins of government or sat in the chairs of the Committee of Public Safety. Before Tallien could save for the second time from the system of Terror the woman he loved, he was bound to slay the dictatorship as well as the dictator. The sword of public opinion, hardened in the blood of the never-ending, and seemingly never to end, series of victims that had fallen to establish the ideally virtuous Republic of Robespierre and St. Just, did in fact (as the 9th Thermidor proved) lie ready to the hand of a fervid and reckless spirit like Tallien; but neither he nor any one else knew how easy the weapon might be to handle, or whether it might turn or shiver in his hands. Tallien himself, moreover, was to a certain depth tarred with the same brush as the enemy whom he was fated to destroy. Up to a certain point he was morally as responsible as Robespierre for the blood that had been pitilessly shed for the consolidation of the Republic; and in the sight of the outer world they both stood upon the same platform as long as they did not burst into open and deadly enmity. If the passions of Tallien had been no stronger than those of Robespierre, the two might have continued to serve at the bloody altar of the same devouring idol side by side, with complacent equanimity. It was his love for Tereza Cabarrus that restored a human soul to the breast of Tallien, and opened his eyes anew to the knowledge of good and evil.

M. Arsène Houssaye gives a swift and sketchy (but strongly-sketched) outline of the period after Thermidor. The Reign of Terror was over, except for those who came under the large title of the satellites of Robespierre; but it was beyond the force of Tallien to turn the reign which succeeded the Terror from a provisional to a permanent one. M. Houssaye puts his dilemma in a pointed antithetical form, which contains a good deal of truth:—

Tallien ni sa femme ne voyaient pas que le montagnard de l'hôtel de ville, que l'homme de septembre et de Bordeaux s'était décapité lui-même en décapitant la Montagne. Entre lui et les Royalistes, il y avait un abîme de sang: il y avait d'ailleurs sa passion révolutionnaire, qui enflamma son cœur jusqu'à la mort. Entre lui et les Montagnards, il y avait le 9 thermidor, un autre abîme de sang. Tallien était fatalement destiné à disparaître devant le drapeau blanc comme devant le drapeau rouge. Il y a des hommes dont le passé stérilise l'avenir.

As the personages that were destined to efface Tallien found their way to the front, the feminine sensitiveness of Madame Tallien told her that the sceptre of fashion was silently slipping from her own hands. Her throne was shattered by the whisper of an undeserved Parisian epigram:—

Tous et toutes oublièrent déjà qu'ils lui devaient sinon la vie, du moins les jours de fête et les heures de gaieté; c'était son poignard qui avait désarmé la Terreur, qui avait rouvert les prisons, qui avait permis de rire; mais on ne disait plus Notre Dame de Thermidor, on disait Notre Dame de Septembre. C'est la justice des révolutions.

Our Lady of Thermidor broke with the man whose history could compromise her name with the taint of the September massacres. Tallien himself almost willingly drifted out of the main current of political life into a side eddy. He went to Egypt, under Buonaparte's protection, as a *savant*. Buonaparte provided him with some office in the French administration of Egypt, from which he was reduced to an even more subordinate position under Kléber and Menou. Returning home, he was appointed, by grace of Talleyrand and Fouché, French Consul at Alicante; whence again he returned to France as nothing, to live forgotten and die forlorn. His only faithful friend in Paris during these latter years, M. Houssaye tell us, was his divorced wife, our Lady of Thermidor,

now become Princess of Chimay. We are glad to believe that M. Houssaye's heroine paid this tribute in her domestic happiness to the memory of her earlier and historically more remarkable union.

THE PERROT FAMILY.*

IT is often curious to compare the respective positions which the same man takes in a great sphere and in a small one. Here is the history of a family, whose recorded pedigree spreads over six or seven centuries, which has held large estates, which has enjoyed the highest local consideration, and which has thrown out branches into various parts of the Kingdom, but which in all that time has made, so to speak, only one contribution to general history. Of all the infinite number of Perrots here traced out with loving care by Mr. Barnwell, one only has made for himself any place at all in English history, in the form of a second-rate worthy of the court of Elizabeth. Indeed, if contemporary scandal is to be believed, no Perrot at all ever made himself memorable, as the one Perrot who did so was not a Perrot. Sir John Perrot, whose doings occupy a certain space in Mr. Froude's last volume, ought to have been the son of his mother's husband Sir Thomas Perrot, but he was generally believed to be the son of King Henry the Eighth. Mr. Froude naturally winces under a rumour which attributes to his hero an intrigue in every way more discreditable than the single one which he admits, that which made him the father of the young Duke of Richmond. He was only "reported by Catholic scandal to be the natural son of Henry the Eighth." Nevertheless things look very much as if both Queen Elizabeth and Perrot himself believed in the scandal. Anyhow, whoever was Sir John's father, Sir John himself, though he fills but a secondary place in the history of England, fills a very great place indeed in the history of Pembrokeshire, and, to all except professed genealogists, he may be said to be all in all of the long Perrot pedigree. And we think there was enough about the man himself, his family, and his possessions, for an historian who cared to do so to have brought him on the stage with somewhat of a portrait. Lord Macaulay, we think, would have done so; Mr. Froude did not go in for that kind of thing; so Sir John Perrot creeps in unawares in the middle of a sentence, and of course makes no impression upon anybody.

Genealogical studies are, we presume, like virtue, their own reward. It is with a sort of melancholy feeling that we turn the pages of a book like this of Mr. Barnwell, and think of the enormous mass of labour which must have been spent upon every page. It takes as much trouble, perhaps more, to make out the date and pedigree of a squire as to make out those of an Emperor. And after all, except on professed genealogists or local antiquaries, all this labour is so utterly thrown away. To the general reader we conceive that even Sir John Perrot himself would not appeal very strongly, except possibly for the bit of scandal attached to his birth. And if Sir John fails to attract, what will become of all the smaller Perrots before and since? The historian of wider views looks through a volume of this sort with a kind of languid interest, here and there spotting some detail which illustrates some point of language, manners, or politics, fully recognising the honest labour of the author, feeling thankful that such men exist to smooth his own path, but not feeling the least temptation himself to intrude upon theirs. Mr. Barnwell, however, has shown in various other papers in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*—from which the present volume is reprinted—that he is capable of something higher than merely genealogical inquiries. Even here he shows a power of criticism which is seldom vouchsafed to genealogical diggers, and he makes himself justly merry with Sir Bernard Burke, to whom the lapse of five or six generations, and the fall of a kingdom or two, are matters of no consequence at all. We presume that Mr. Barnwell has found out everything that can be found out about all Perrots who ever were, and about all families any of whose members ever intermarried with a Perrot. He has also printed several wills and inventories, especially an inventory of the goods of Sir John himself. These are a class of documents from which something is always to be learned, as we have often shown when dealing with the various publications of the Surtees Society. Mr. Barnwell has also judiciously connected his subject with the kindred subject of domestic architecture, especially with that remarkable form of domestic architecture to be found in the English districts of Pembrokeshire, the country where Perrots did most flourish. He gives views of several houses which are at different times mentioned in his story. But we miss the stateliest of all, the castle of Carew. This name, we may add, the Welsh *Caeraw*, is not to be pronounced, as it sometimes is by modern affectation and ignorance, *Caréw*, but as Sir Robert Naunton spells it in the *Monumenta Regalia*, *Cary*.

But now to turn to the most famous member of the house of Perrot—the soldier, courtier, and possible half-brother, of Queen Elizabeth. Sir Robert Naunton, who married his granddaughter, draws his picture at some length, and with his usual quaintness. Overweening pride and self-confidence seems to have overshadowed several virtues, and to have led to his final downfall. It is possible that his personal position may have had something to do with this. The consciousness of, or at least belief in, a connexion with his sovereign which could not be openly avowed must have put both him

and her in an unpleasant position. And, setting this aside, Sir John Perrot did not belong to any of the classes of which courtiers are commonly made. He belonged to neither the old nor the new nobility. A country gentleman of ancient descent and great estate, puffed up by the feeling of boundless local importance in a remote district, would be tempted at once to hate the Howards and De Veres and to despise the Cecils and Dudleys. Nevertheless he seems to have found friends both in Leicester and Burleigh; his great enemy was Sir Christopher Hatton. The dancing Chancellor is said to have been enraged at some sarcasms levelled by the rough soldier at his proficiency in the ball-room; but Perrot is also said to have given Hatton more serious ground of offence by seducing his daughter Elizabeth. This lady appears as one of a class who are oddly described as Sir John's "love-wives," besides two who were recognised by the Church. We do not remember to have seen the word "love-wife" before, though "love-child" is common enough, and "leman" is apparently cognate.

Sir John Perrot was born in 1527, seemingly at the family seat of Haroldston in Pembrokeshire. At the age of eighteen he entered the service of that famous Marquis of Winchester, who claved assiduously to his seat at the Council-board as the Vicar of Bray did to his smaller honours, who was the most greedy of church-robbers under Henry, the most eager of heretic-burners under Mary, and whatever else was convenient under Edward and Elizabeth. A youthful frolic or brawl brought him under the notice of Henry, who may perhaps have recognised him as his son, and who is said to have promised him advancement, which he did not get till after his death. Under Edward VI. he was made a Knight of the Bath, he accompanied the Marquess of Northampton on an embassy to France, and he seems to have been in personal favour with his possible half-brother, who is said to have paid his debts. Sir John flourished equally under Mary, allowing for a short imprisonment which he brought on himself in an honourable way, by his lack of zeal in the persecution. It was from her too that he received the grant of Carew Castle. He remained in favour with Elizabeth, and had the honour of helping to hold the canopy over her at her coronation. This and one or two other little signs seem to point to some special relation between Perrot and Elizabeth, felt, if not acknowledged, on both sides.

While off Greenwich, where the Court was residing, he sent a diamond "in a token" to Blanche Parry, one of the queen's wardrobe women or coiffers. On hearing of this the Queen sent him a "fair jewel hanging in white cypress" with a message that, as long as he wore it for her sake, he would be free from harm. Whether this attention proceeded from a sister's love, or an affection of more tender character, may be doubtful.

In 1572 Perrot first appears on Mr. Froude's stage in the character of President of Munster. In that capacity he was one of the most vigorous slayers of Irishmen that Elizabeth ever commissioned. "We wait to see what Mr. Froude will make of him in later years, when he again appeared in that unlucky island in the higher character of Lord Deputy. But alike in Ireland, at court, and at home in Wales as one of the Council of the Marches, he seems to have been always getting into trouble of one sort or another. At last he was tried and condemned for high treason, and died in the Tower, the Queen having refused to sign the warrant for his execution, and having moreover, it is said, sworn that the jury were a pack of knaves. She also speedily restored his possessions to his son. On the other hand we read that Perrot, "at his arraignment, was so little dejected with what might be alleged, that rather he grew troubled with choler, and, in a kind of exasperation, he despised his jury, though of the order of knighthood and of the especial gentry, claiming the privilege of trial by the peers and baronage of the realm." So again, after his trial, he said, with oaths and with fury, to the lieutenant, Sir Owen Hopton, "What, will the Queen suffer her brother to be offered up as a sacrifice to the envy of my flattering adversaries?" We do not know whether there is any better evidence for all this than local and family tradition; but such traditions about a somewhat remarkable man are at least worth sifting by the historian. As we have said, we shall be glad to see what kind of figure Sir John Perrot will make when he again comes into the hands of Mr. Froude. Meanwhile we thank Mr. Barnwell for his humbler, but still useful, labours.

TWO MARRIAGES.*

THE two marriages which give the title to two new volumes by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, are marriages in two perfectly independent stories. The only points which the novels have in common with each other are, that there is a marriage in each—a peculiarity which they share with a considerable number of other novels—and that the marriage in each case comes at the beginning instead of the end of the story. The fact that two distinct stories can be bound up in two short volumes indicates one great merit which they possess—that of brevity; and we may add that they have the merits which generally go along with brevity. The plots are clear and simple, and unencumbered by masses of superfluous matter. The great difficulty with second-rate novelists is to spin out their slender materials into three volumes. They get hold of some tolerably striking incident which forms the nucleus round which the plot is gradually developed; they proceed to encumber it with all sorts of secondary and unimportant complications, which obscure the story and destroy the effect of the

* *Perrot Notes*; or, some Account of the various Branches of the Perrot Family. By Edward Lowry Barnwell, M.A. London: J. Russell Smith. 1867.

* *Two Marriages*. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." &c. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1867.

central idea; they give trivial conversations at full length, and introduce secondary characters with a would-be comic turn, and delay the action by incidents which produce nothing but delay. In fact, the efforts of an unskilful novelist to stretch his stuff are as painful as those of the young preacher or the Parliamentary orator talking against time. The author of *Two Marriages* is quite superior to this weakness. She gives us just what is wanted to develop her plot and to mark the characters of the actors, and gives us nothing more; every line tells to some extent in producing the desired effect, and we go away with the impression which she desires to make clearly stamped upon our minds. In short, she reminds us rather of the French than of the English school of novelists; not that she shows any of the evil tendencies for which the French school has become notorious, but that she exhibits much of that simple gracefulness which is so conspicuous, for example, in George Sand's stories of country life. She does her work in a thoroughly artistic spirit, and so far deserves a praise which we can bestow upon very few of the English novelists the study of whose productions forms a painful part of the reviewer's duty. There are, of course, certain disadvantages about this method of work. We shall proceed to point out how, in our opinion, they are injuriously exemplified in *Two Marriages*; but we fully admit that, whatever faults we may find, the book stands on an altogether higher level than the shapeless and tangled stories which form the great mass of modern English novels.

One peculiarity of these stories which will strike every reader is their subdued melancholy. The desire to produce a unity of effect naturally tends to a certain toning down of the writing. No very bright colours are admitted into the author's pictures. They are of a monotonous hue which becomes after a time rather depressing. The tales give the impression of being told, in a low voice, by a person very much out of spirits; they might be related at a funeral, or to a person suffering from the languor of a chronic illness, without any apparent want of harmony; no irrelevant outbreak of a lively humour, no sudden turn of caustic satire, no comic incident of any kind is admitted. Any such interruption to the prevailing tone would seem as improper as singing a comic song in church, or performing a hornpipe in the sick-room of an invalid old maid. The story is all in one key, and the one selected is so mournful as to be almost morbid. After reading through the book, one feels the desire, which sometimes arises on quitting a very solemn place, to say or do something totally absurd and disreputable, just to shake off the impression. A few pages of *Tom Jones* might perhaps be prescribed as a very useful method for recovering from the dismal effects produced by a perusal of such books as *Two Marriages*. A good hearty ebullition of high animal spirits, in utter contempt of all formal rules of art, may restore the reader's tone of mind; he will find it a relief to breathe the fresh open air of daily life, after being shut up in an atmosphere too highly charged with the fumes of sermons and religious tracts. The melancholy which pervades the whole book is most strongly exemplified in the first, and least pleasing, of the two stories. "The story itself," we are told, "is no invention, but a fact told to me"; and a very disagreeable fact it must have been. A lady is separated from her lover by the deliberate deceit of a selfish father, and induced to marry a rich man thirty years older than herself; her husband is a very excellent, though rather unsympathetic, old gentleman, and treats her with unvarying kindness; but she can never get over the shock to her feelings, and on accidentally discovering the deceit practised upon her, gives way, and sets about dying. This cheerful occupation lasts for about a hundred pages, the whole story occupying only one hundred and eighty-four; and, of course, includes a heartrending separation from her former lover, who is living very uncomfortably with his own wife. Everybody is then dismissed to live very unhappily ever afterwards, except that all the personages seem to feel a kind of gloomy satisfaction in brooding over their misfortunes. We make no apology for revealing the plot of the story, because the interest depends in no way upon the plot, but merely upon its development. From almost the first page, the least experienced novel-reader can see what is coming; the lady is doomed to death as certainly as if she had been convicted of poisoning her husband's six small children, and the only pleasure of which a promise is held out is that of watching her agonies. We all know, without inquiring into the cause, that there is a great pleasure in seeing the representation of tragedies which would be simply horrible in reality; and therefore we may presume that there are many people who like to read about the gradual decline of a weak woman under cruel injustice, and the misery of every one connected with her. It is not precisely a cheerful subject; but, if persons like to be excited to tears over fictitious personages, we may promise them a very fair excuse for weeping in the history of *John Bowerbank's Wife*. It is true that they may possibly, if they are of cynical dispositions, think that she was such a fool, and her husband so dull, and her lover so weak, that their sad fate is scarcely worth crying over; but we do not commit ourselves to the justice of this view.

Without being very cynical, it is perhaps permissible to doubt whether such writing—which is, in fact, merely an appeal to the tearful propensities of readers—satisfies the demands of art. There is not sufficient contrast; there is no heroism to appeal to our sympathies by something elevating as well as painful. The "luxury of grief" is all very well, but it is rather dangerous to rely upon indulgence in it as the single attraction of a story. We therefore much prefer the other story, which is more skilfully contrived, and with more relief to the generally dismal tone. The

only son of a country parson has seduced the pretty maid-servant of one of the neighbouring farmers, and afterwards marries her from conscientious motives. He is thoroughly disgusted with his wife, and is only anxious to see as little of her as possible. Accordingly, he goes out to Canada as an emigrant, whilst his father, who is a very angelic old gentleman, takes his daughter-in-law into his house, and does what he can to educate her. The gradual improvement of the country girl, and the various trials which she has to undergo from her own ignorance and from her doubtful position towards the parson's friends, form the substance of the story; the chief interest is apparently intended to depend upon the portrait of the angelic parson. He conforms to a type which is not very uncommon, and which Mr. Trollope has, for example, attempted in the *Warden of Barchester Towers*, and other novels—that is to say, he is very simple, and white-headed, and fond of gardening, and as holy as a man can conveniently be on this side of heaven. "Parson Garland," indeed, is rather more religious than Mr. Harding, so far as his language implies, and is a good deal stronger, both in his mind and on his legs; but he is substantially the same character. In conformity with the general tendency of the book, he is a good deal too fond, for our taste at least, of thinking about his wife, who had died twenty years before, and generally of harping upon the melancholy aspect of things. The old gentleman, we are told, seldom referred to his wife except on very special occasions; but then so many of those special occasions turn up in the course of the book, that we, who only read about him, get rather tired of Mr. Garland, whatever his actual parishioners may have done. The parson, however, is really well described, and, though belonging to a rather extensive family in fiction, is touched with a delicacy which shows real skill. His relations to the daughter-in-law suddenly inflicted upon him give many opportunities for bringing out little details of character, and the story is so short that the sentiment is not at all overworked. On the whole, *Parson Garland's Daughter* is perhaps as pleasing a story as any we have read by the author of *John Halifax*. The only considerable fault which we have to remark is in the character of the fast young ladies who are introduced to patronize the parson's daughter-in-law. We will not say that such ladies are exactly impossible; but the painting is rather coarse and verges upon caricature, after the delicate sketch of the old parson himself. Such a letter, for example, as the following may possibly be written occasionally by a fast young lady to a female friend, for we would not rashly limit what may be done by fast young ladies, but it certainly strikes us as rather a daring touch. Indeed, we should venture to call it, not merely inharmonious, but vulgar:—

Dear little Fellow,—I can't come to you to-day; the maternal parent forbids. Not that I mind her, but she'd tell the governor, and there'd be a row. Indeed, there has been a precious row at home. Some country people called and talked a heap of nonsense about you. But you were really married, weren't you, my dear? Anyhow—never mind—you're a jolly little soul, and I'm a fellow that thinks for myself on this and all subjects. So I told the maternal parent, and said I meant to stick by you. And Charley backed me up, which wasn't much good, as he's rather a loose fish, is Charley. Don't you stand any of his nonsense, by the way, &c.

It is perhaps rather too bad to quote merely that passage in the book which offends us by its contrast with the rest. We can only say that it is more difficult to give an impression of uniformly good but quiet style than of a particular blunder. With the general tone we have only one more fault to find, and that is that there is a little too much of downright Scripture and sermon. There are too many reflections such as this, that the truth "that 'in the midst of life we are in death' had been wholly unrecognised by this man of the world." Some people may like to have their novels and tracts mixed; we prefer them separate.

M. DUMAS'S NEW COMEDY.*

AN excellently charitable woman with social ideas that far transcend the average level, especially in respect of the judgments of the world upon the weaknesses of her own sex, is a character that could not fail to move the applause of any pit or gallery in Europe, but above all a pit or gallery in Paris, where people pride themselves, not always unjustly, on their accessibility to new social sentiments. The immense success of *Madame Aubray* is not at all surprising. And though the moral of the piece seems to be that a woman who goes wrong ought to be reinstated in society as quickly as possible without too many inconvenient questions being pressed, still so much injustice is done by severity in a contrary direction that the real mischief of *Madame Aubray's* regenerative principle may possibly not be excessive. Fundamentally, however, she is no more than a new impersonation of the old sentimentalism about the cruelty of society, and the respect and sympathy which we are supposed to owe to the sorrows of the victims. It is difficult to speak of this sentimentalism as it ought to be spoken of, without appearing to countenance the Pharisaical harshness and inhumanity from which it is a humane, and in so far therefore a creditable, reaction. If the only alternative lay between the sour, black, and merciless resentment of Pharisaic sects, and the soft and mawkish sentimentalism of M. Dumas Fils, the latter is certainly the less pestilent mood of the two, and the less stunting to the virtue of the person in whom it exists. Happily, anybody with straightforward vision can discern a path on more safe and solid ground than either of these two airy celestial and

* *Les Idées de Madame Aubray*. Comédie en 4 Actes. Par Alexandre Dumas Fils. Paris: Michel Lévy. 1867.

infernal extremes. We have to keep clear of the thin-blooded bigotry of those who have never known any temptation, on the one hand; and, on the other, of the ignoble laxity of those who think that a woman who yields to temptation is quite as good as a woman who resists it at every cost, or perhaps better. A dramatist who should venture to draw an offending woman in an attitude of stoical resignation under the penalties naturally flowing from her offence would be doing far nobler work than one who only fills the minds of his audience with a mawkish sentimental softness which in its good parts only lasts until the next morning, and in its evil parts leaves a lesson which is not without effect when the next vicious moment comes. It is true that repentance and a stoical endurance of all that befalls in consequence of the sin are more easily talked about than practised. It is so uncommonly easy to write about stoicism. But then a dramatist might create a stoically repentant character, and such a creation would be both more effective and less open to rejoinders about the ease of writing on virtue than a mere bundle of half-realized precepts. However, this is not M. Dumas's line of business. Brave endurance is a moral conception to which sensualism is absolutely and for ever a stranger. Considering the difficulty there is, in spite of religions, moral systems, and philosophies without end, in keeping up the average stock of this willingness to endure, one cannot fancy worse work than M. Dumas's continued efforts to substitute for effort and endurance a merely sensual comfortableness. Reprobation of evil-doing has too often been carried to excess, yet, after all, it has its function. One must reprobate things now and then.

It is the peculiarity of Madame Aubray that she does not believe in reprobation, at least in certain matters. The dramatist illustrates her ideas from two aspects, though he gives much more prominence to one of them than to the other. First, she appears in the amiable light of go-between in the case of an unfaithful wife. The wronged husband owes her a deep debt of respect and gratitude, and she tries hard to make him repay her by taking back the penitent offender. Her view is simple enough:—"Il n'y a pas de coupables, il n'y a pas de méchants, il n'y a pas d'ingrats; il y a des malades, des aveugles et des fous. Quand on fait le mal, ce n'est pas par préméditation, c'est par entraînement. On croit que la route est plus agréable à gauche qu'à droite; on prend à gauche, et quand on est dans les ronces ou dans la fange, on appelle au secours, et le devoir de celui qui est dans le bon chemin est de se dévouer pour sauver l'autre." One hears the same doctrine frequently from the mouths of sentimental young philanthropists among ourselves, though not often brought forward in defence of faithless wives. A garrotter, for example, ought not to be whipped, because his unhappy tendency to strangling and plundering is due to bad surroundings, and so on. "Il n'y a pas de coupables; il y a des fous." The garrotter thinks the road to the left—that is, to his neighbour's windpipe and pocket—pleasanter than the road to the right. Argal, when he finds that the road to the public windpipe also leads occasionally to the unpleasantness of a gaol, he calls out "Help!" and every good Christian rushes to his solace and rescue. This utter misconception of what punishment means, implied in Madame Aubray's *idée*, does not need very elaborate exposure. Punishment means the addition of one more motive why a man should not turn down the wrong path. The social penalties which are visited on the unfaithful wives are, as it were, a warning-post at the entrance of the wrong road. Such penalties are a reason for keeping to the right road, and when the hesitating sinner is balancing the conflicting considerations, they may, and in ten thousand cases do, just suffice to turn the scale against the immoral gratification. The prospect of a sound whipping may not always deter the ruffian, but it will at least erect one more obstacle in his mind which he will have to get over before he goes cheerfully forth to throttle people. But correct ideas about free-will and the power of necessity are not essential, perhaps not even desirable, in a heroine of the Gymnase. "Nothing shall change my ideas or moderate my convictions," Madame Aubray exclaims in reply to M. Barantin's sober and sensible objections to take back his wife. "Non, ces voix intérieures que j'entends depuis mon enfance, ces principes évangéliques qui ont fait la base, la dignité, la consolation et le but de ma vie, ne sont pas des hallucinations de mon esprit; non, ce n'est pas une duperie que le pardon! ce n'est pas une folie que la charité! Non, non, mille fois, non! Ma mère ne m'a pas menti, mon époux ne m'a pas menti, mon Dieu ne m'a pas menti." We should think very poorly of the moral sensibilities of any pit, gallery, and boxes which did not allow their applause to be brought thunderously down by close and cogent logic of this sort. M. Barantin closes the scene by warning Madame Aubray that it is easier to preach than to practise, and that perhaps, when her doctrine happens to touch herself a little more nearly, she will see it in a different light. "Le pardon," he says sententiously, "avez-vous ce que c'est? C'est l'indifférence pour ce qui ne nous touche pas."

By and by M. Barantin's prophecy seems to be in a fair way of becoming realized. For Madame Aubray encounters a charming young woman, for whom she forms a hearty friendship. Presently the young woman, who is also the mother of an equally charming child, frankly owns to Madame Aubray that she is not a widow, that her husband is not dead; in fact that she never had a husband, but became a mother without having been a wife. The benevolent lady is almost pleased at this dreadful piece of news, because it gives her a chance of airing her *idées* and showing how much more Christian she is than her Christian neighbours.

She immediately clasps the interesting and pretty sinner to her bosom, and vows friendship for life. Among other people in the play is a man who goes ravening over the earth after foolish virgins and foolish matrons. Him Madame Aubray seizes, for among her *idées* matchmaking seems to hold its conventional place as a wholesome and laudable exercise. She points out to him with signal eloquence how he is wasting life, how wicked his system of life is, how much evil he inflicts on the foolish virgins and foolish matrons, and generally brings him to such a frame of mind that he is prepared to do almost anything that she may think fit to put upon him. But when he finds that she wishes him to marry the interesting sinner, the task is too hard for him, as it would be for most men of the world. However, Madame Aubray is soon relieved from this perplexity by perplexity of another and direr sort. Her own son, to whom she is devotedly attached, has contracted a profound and unshaken passion for the lady, of whose unlucky history he is ignorant. He seeks his mother, and demands her consent to his marriage with the supposed young widow. M. Barantin now has his revenge. Madame Aubray's ideas are brought into unpleasant encounter with facts, and she begins to feel that the charity and pardon which she has been preaching all her life has only been "l'indifférence pour ce qui ne nous touche pas." She had been perfectly willing to pardon the erring Jeannine so long as she only felt a sort of theoretic necessity for so doing, just as she was perfectly willing to pardon M. Barantin's wife for her adultery. She was perfectly willing to recommend Jeannine as a wife to a gay youth who was not her son. But with her own son it is quite another thing. The test is too severe. Her *idées* succumb, and she begs Jeannine to succour her by declining the pretensions of the infatuated Camille. Jeannine, who, being a sinner, and in the hands of M. Dumas Fils, is in all respects about ten thousand times as saintly as those just persons who need no repentance, plays the part which the lady of the Camélias had played before her, and in order to please the parent dismisses the son. The final scene is tremendous. Jeannine exclaims to Camille, in the presence of his friends, that she has not sinned once but often. "À côté de cette faute qui a une excuse dans la misère, il y en a d'autres qui n'ont pour cause que la fantaisie et le désordre. Certaines femmes en arrivent à ne plus rougir des faits et à ne plus souvenir des noms. J'ai été une de ces femmes." This is too much for Madame Aubray, who shrieks out "Elle ment!" and to her son, "Épouse-la." Whereupon poor Jeannine throws herself into Madame Aubray's arms "avec un cri déchirant," and lives happy ever after. We thus reach that sensual comfortableness which, according to a certain school in Young France, is the proper haven into which Christian folk ought to pilot all sinners, especially if they are pretty and decently young. Fortitude passes for a dead virtue in M. Dumas's scheme of things. In his latest production which preceded *Madame Aubray*, the *Affaire Clémenceau*, he made his hero revenge himself upon a faithless and lustful wife by running a knife into her while lying in bed. The principle was just the same as it is here—Don't endure, but gratify whatever passion comes uppermost and strongest.

The art of *Madame Aubray* strikes us as being as poor as its morality. Nothing, we confess, can exceed the neatness of most of the short dialogue. This is perfect, but then the bits of short dialogue are interrupted by long reaches of mere windy declamations about *l'amour*, and the sacred obligations which it imposes upon men and women, and the injustice with which society behaves towards those who fulfil these obligations in an irregular manner. The position of women is no doubt one of the most urgent problems in modern society, but how would Madame Aubray's ideas resolve it?

SOME MILITARY QUESTIONS.*

IT must always be a great disadvantage to men who write books on popular questions, unless they have access to peculiar sources of information or possess unusual originality of idea, that, before their elaborate treatises see the light, they are likely to be forestalled by the periodicals of the day. The first topic to which Sir Henry Havelock addresses himself in the octavo he has just put forth is the formation of a Home Reserve Army. No subject of public concern has been more thoroughly discussed within these few months than this, to which recent events have given an unwonted interest. Our own columns, as well as those of most other newspapers and periodicals, have frequently been occupied with the question, considering propositions, examining evidence, and detailing plans, all with regard to this main purpose of procuring an efficient reserve. And now that the public have been thoroughly familiarized with the subject in all its branches and all its relations, this book appears, impressing its arguments, with considerable ostentation of italics and capitals, on readers who have been considering them for nearly half a year. It is probably no fault of the author that he thus appears as setting the cold remains of former meals, with elaborate garniture of parsley and trimmings, before guests who have just dined. This is a subject on which it is ridiculous to claim a monopoly of originality or of information, and no doubt Sir Henry has honestly thought out for himself the matter of his book. Nevertheless, we fear that neither capitals nor italics nor any devices of type will serve to

* Three Main Military Questions of the Day. By Sir Henry Havelock, Bart., Major Unattached. London: Longmans & Co. 1867.

impress on his sentences the stamp of novelty; and he must be content to appear in this part of his book as a follower, and not a leader, of opinion. For instance, there is no reason whatever to suppose that he has not, from a contemplation of the Prussian system, arrived at his own independent conclusion that the shortening of the term of service in the regular army is a necessary step towards the desired reserve; but it is certainly unfortunate that he should have delayed to announce it till now, and that he should have caused it, when it thus tardily makes its appearance, to challenge special notice by its conspicuous type. And, following him into details, we find that his views in this particular are less complete and advanced than those which have frequently been advocated of late; for he proposes to leave it optional with future recruits either to serve for the whole period of their enlistment in the active force, or for seven years in that, and seven in the reserve. And his suggestions that a part of this reserve should at once be formed by the enlistment of discharged ten years' men, that the troops of the reserves should be available for foreign service in case of war, and in that case only, and that they should receive pay at the rate of 6*l.* per annum, have all been anticipated in these columns and elsewhere. He will find too that the idea of localizing the troops of the reserve, and connecting them with the militia in peace, and in war with the active regiments recruited from the same district, has already been discussed at large; while the result which he contemplates, of thus obtaining more numerous and better recruits, has also been kept pretty steadily before the eyes of the public.

But it would be unjust to this volume to leave it to be inferred that all its contents are thus deficient in novelty. The questions it discusses, besides that of the reserve, are, 2ndly, the more economic military tenure of India; and 3rdly, cavalry as affected by breech-loading arms. The three, though apparently so diverse, have yet a connecting link, which is supplied by the proposal to diminish the numbers of our force in India, without lessening its efficiency, by substituting a large body of mounted riflemen for a certain proportion of infantry battalions, and thus compensating for economy of men by increased speed of movement and effect of fire; while the battalions thus relieved are to be allotted to the home reserve. Thus the first and second questions are connected; while on the efficiency of cavalry considered under new conditions of equipment, and as employed in a way different from that popularly recognised as the characteristic function of the arm (which is the matter discussed at large under the third head), the whole argument for the proposed substitution depends. We will now venture to review the author's opinions on this last branch of the subject, notwithstanding that he declares himself fully prepared to have his ideas "ridiculed and scouted by all but the more enlightened, reflecting, and observant of the cavalry officers of the old school," and that in differing from him we run the risk of hopeless exclusion from that illustrious category.

Let us premise at once that we fully recognise the fact, not now stated for the first time, that the rapidity of fire attained by breech-loaders has introduced a new element for consideration in discussing the subject of cavalry; and probably the question how far squadrons may be used on a battle-field as heretofore, under these changed conditions, is at least of equal importance to any in contemporary tactics. But rapidity of fire is one thing, and precision another; and we by no means concur with the author in the views he so positively expresses respecting the influence that rifled muzzle-loaders have exercised on the manoeuvring and the charge of horsemen. While we grant that bodies of cavalry could not now, while in view of the enemy, move slowly, or remain stationary, in deep formations, at a distance which formerly would have sufficed to render them secure, we do not believe that in the actual charge they would suffer much more from arms of precision than from the old smooth-bores. Nor do we think Sir Henry very happy in the instances he has chosen for the support of his opinions. If he will investigate a little more carefully the charge of the Russian horse upon the troops drawn up before Balaklava, he will probably find that the enemy's retreat might be accounted for on other grounds than what he calls "the formidable and deterrent fire of the Enfield rifle," which certainly failed to do such execution as could have had any effect on their movements. Nor do we agree with him in ascribing the failure of cavalry to attack with impetuosity and success, on Transatlantic fields, to the more formidable nature of the infantry weapon. It was partly owing to the nature of the country, which was generally extremely unsuitable to the action of cavalry, and partly to the want of training of that branch of the service, in which discipline, skill, good horsemanship, and mutual confidence are so especially requisite—qualities that they only began to evince in the later stages of the war. Passing to the campaigns of 1859 and 1866, in which our author asserts that cavalry altogether failed to repeat its former successes against infantry, he asks triumphantly, "If it is *not* increased rifle range that has worked this vast change, perhaps the admirers of the 'dashing' school will tell us what it is; will explain what potent spell it is that has paralysed the arms of French, Prussian, Austrian, and American horsemen alike, in mid-career, and given an equally complete and mysterious immunity to infantry in both hemispheres?" We have no difficulty in answering the question. The failure of cavalry to break steady infantry is not attributable to the precision of the rifle-fire; at Waterloo the hostile squadrons on either side gained no greater success against the serried ranks of the battalions than in these later conflicts. The reasons of such a failure are, first, that cavalry can never, except when at its perfection of

discipline and material, and under the leadership of a first-rate commander, hope to break good and prepared infantry; and, secondly, that to take advantage of the momentary opportunities offered when infantry are exposed or in confusion, a degree of promptitude is demanded which implies considerable experience on the part both of the horsemen and their chief. Infantry who expose the flank of their line, who are caught while attempting a change of formation, or who are flying in confusion after a repulse, must offer now, as before, a great opportunity for attack, provided the cavalry be prompt to seize it. At the close of the battle of Königgrätz there was nothing except the Austrian rear-guard of cavalry and artillery to prevent the Prussian horse from charging, and Zieten or Seidlitz, at the head of Frederick's squadrons, would then and there have finished the war. From the fact that no such exploits there or elsewhere marked the late campaigns, we should infer either that few opportunities occurred of which cavalry might have availed themselves, or else that the horse on both sides were deficient in the training and knowledge of war necessary to enable them to seize the momentary advantage which seldom, in the case of this arm, prolongs itself so far as to give a second more resolute thought the chance of retrieving a first indecision. But it is unnecessary to pursue this part of the argument, since the question of immediate importance is whether the present breech-loaders have not imposed, by their greatly increased rapidity of fire, fresh difficulties on the action of cavalry; and this we do not dispute.

The idea of arming and training men to act as infantry and mounting them on horseback, in order to move them with more celerity from point to point of a battle-field, is very far from new. In the phrase "horse, foot, and dragoons," so often to be met with in old books, the last word is not redundant, but implies a mixture of the other two. The dragoon, who in our days is a cavalry soldier, was in the old wars of Louis XIV. armed, like the infantry, with a musket, and mounted on a steed, which though, from its inferior size, it did not enable him, any more than his equipment, to face the regular cavalier, yet conveyed him with celerity to any point where his presence was required, and where he dismounted and fought on foot. The right of the French line, resting on the Danube, was thus composed at the battle of Blenheim. Napoleon thought that a force of this kind might be restored with good effect; but the result of the measure did not correspond with his expectations, notwithstanding which the Emperor Nicholas formed a corps of 15,000. The superior facilities which the Northern section of the American Republic possessed for procuring arms induced the Federals to turn to better account the cavalry, which, from want of training in the men and genius in the leaders, had failed to effect anything commensurate with its cost and numbers. Large bodies of horse were armed with repeating rifles, and were mainly used to effect diversions on the flank of the enemy; the speed with which they could retire, and the formidable nature of their arms, securing them against the attempts to cut them off to which they would otherwise have laid themselves open. Whether, as Sir Henry Havelock infers, cavalry thus equipped would acquire a new and extensive sphere of action against an enemy similarly provided, we will not stop to discuss, further than to remark that his examples do not adequately support his argument. The successful employment of mounted riflemen, as part of a very superior Federal force occupied in crushing the remains of organization and life out of the starved and dispirited Confederate troops around Richmond, can be cited only as an instance of the advantage with which a body thus armed and trained may act against a foe very inferior in numbers and equipment. But he proves enough to give strong support to the main purpose of his book, which is to insist that we may greatly diminish the force and cost of our Indian army by substituting mounted battalions, armed with breech-loading rifles, for a considerable portion of our infantry. Describing Lake's indefatigable pursuit of Holkar in the Mahratta war, he shows how swiftness is an essential element of success against an enemy who is formidable, not because of his fighting power, but because of his aptitude for evasion, rapid retreats, and unexpected reappearances. With those prompt movements and effectual blows he contrasts the slow and lumbering operations of our forces in the Indian Mutiny, which permitted great bodies of defeated rebels to retreat at their pleasure and without loss, and finally left the embers of the conflagration to be got rid of rather by means of the amnesty which withdrew the fuel than by forcible extinction. We agree with Sir Henry that the description of troops whose use he so warmly advocates can never be employed to greater advantage than in India, where our aims must always be to close as quickly as possible with a shifty and speedy foe who is no match for us in open fight, to cut off his retreat and force him to stand, and to deal blows with such rapidity at the outset of a conflict as at once to dishearten him and his present or possible confederates. And in no way can we draw a more legitimate result from our skill in the manufacture of costly arms than by enabling those who wield them to hold in subjection, with diminished numbers, the semi-barbarous and imperfectly armed tribes that people our Indian territories. Such is the moral of the book, and a very good moral it is. The style would admit in many respects of improvement. Besides other faults, the tone too often, when aiming to be earnest, verges on defiance and contempt of possible dissentients, who may nevertheless be entitled to a hearing. Corresponding to this moral blemish is the material one of incessantly emphasizing passages with varieties of type—an expedient which is intended to give force, but which, when

thus lavishly used, is evidence only of the desire to be forcible, and, like all eccentricities of expression, requires considerable merit of other kinds to redeem it.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE third volume of Uhland's* posthumous contributions to the history of poetry and popular fiction is without doubt the most valuable. Unlike most of his literary remains, it is a complete work so far as it goes. Half the subject was patiently and elaborately wrought out, when the workman suddenly ceased, and his task remained unfinished. The principal cause seems to have been Uhland's inability to organize the immense body of materials he had collected. The artistic feeling so conspicuous in the exquisite finish of his ballads craved a symmetry and perfection of form which, at his then advanced period of life, he felt himself incapable of imparting to his multitudinous and multifarious stores. This "Essay on the Popular Poetry of Germany" has consequently remained a fragment, though a noble one. It consists of four long chapters on as many descriptions of popular poetry—the poetry of nature, fables, contests and disputes in rhyme, and love-pieces. Four other dissertations were projected to complete the subject, but were never written. It is impossible not to regret that Uhland did not commence his work earlier in life. What he has done deserves to be regarded as a model in its kind, so agreeable is the style and so perfect the mastery of the subject. It is more than a mere history of German poetry, being copiously illustrated from the treasures of the other Indo-European nations.

A volume of critical essays by Berthold Auerbach † will be chiefly indebted to the name of the author for the attention it is no doubt destined to excite. Auerbach seems out of his element as a critic. The chief characteristic of his justly celebrated *Dorfgeschichten* is their hard realism, their close fidelity to nature. When there is nothing tangible to describe, he appears at a loss. The reflective faculty is with him decidedly subordinate to the perceptive. The style of the essays is languid, and they wear the appearance of having been composed with difficulty and without interest. Goethe's novels, Uhland, Lenau, Molière, and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, are the subjects of some of them.

The reputation of Passavant's *Life of Raffaele* is so thoroughly established that even so eminent an authority on art as Ernst Förster ‡ finds it necessary to apologize for offering another. Whether the new work really fills up a lacuna or not, it is at all events a product of profound literary and æsthetic culture, and is very agreeable reading. The investigations of his predecessors have not left the author much to do in the matter of mere research, except where his acumen is taxed to determine the genuineness of particular pictures. His purpose is rather to view Raffaele in relation to his times, and to analyse the tendencies which were united and embodied in his unique genius. It is the peculiar glory of Raffaele to stand precisely on the border line between the spiritual and the sensuous. In him, and in him alone, these two great elements of feeling are combined in perfect harmony. He is neither classical nor Christian, neither idealist nor realist, but expresses the reconciliation of principles elsewhere invariably at strife. This perhaps was only possible in an age like his, when the body of mediæval civilization was for the moment pervaded by the spirit of antiquity, and the liberal culture of the time welcomed the most conflicting influences without suspecting their incompatibility. Days of distrust and dissension could never have produced a genius of such perfect catholicity, with whom competing principles do not, as with Goethe, rule the mind by turns, but are fused into one harmonious feeling for the beautiful. There is consequently ample justification for the train of speculation in which Herr Förster seems disposed to indulge, and for which he is eminently qualified by his profound acquaintance with Italian history and manners. He is also very careful in investigating Raffaele's relations with contemporary artists, and his notices of the latter are often highly interesting.

It is now but a few weeks since Peter von Cornelius § expired, in the plenitude of years and honours. Among other subjects of regret is that his recent biographers did not delay their memoirs for the brief space that would have permitted them perfect liberty of expression. This is less the case with Cornelius's thorough-going panegyrist Riegel, whose work we recently noticed; but Baron von Wolzogen has evidently been somewhat trammelled by the awkwardness of discussing a living celebrity, whose works he admires, and even venerates, without being prepared to defend them through thick and thin. His book bears no comparison with Riegel's in copiousness, and will not interfere with the claim of the latter to rank as the standard biography of the painter. It rather expresses the verdict of enlightened criticism, moderating extravagant pretensions, and adjusting the position of Cornelius by the aid of a cool judgment, trained in a higher school than that of Munich or Düsseldorf.

* *Uhlands Schriften zur Geschichte der Dichtung und Sage*. Bd. 3. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Deutsche Aebende*. Von Berthold Auerbach. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Raphael*. Von Ernst Förster. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Nutt.

§ *Peter von Cornelius*. Von Alfred Freiherrn von Wolzogen. Berlin: Duncker. London: Asher & Co.

A little volume on Mozart's* visit to London at the age of nine will be found even more interesting to English than to German amateurs. The writer has not only followed Mozart's progress with all possible minuteness, but has compiled a most interesting account of the state of music in England at the time. All the leading public entertainments are noticed, as well as all the principal composers, performers, and makers of instruments, and the various musical societies and institutions. It is not the writer's fault if he has comparatively little to tell us about Mozart, who is by no means the most prominent figure in the book. A facsimile of a musical composition by him is given, the original of which is in the British Museum. Another volume is to follow, containing details of Haydn's visit a quarter of a century afterwards.

Piero Cironi † was a leader and fair representative of average Tuscan democracy, a worthy man and a good patriot. He underwent a sufficient number of banishments and imprisonments to constitute him a person of distinction among his friends, but there is little in his biography of general European interest, nor does it derive any extraordinary attraction from the manner in which it has been treated by Madlle. Assing. It is chiefly noteworthy as the portrait of a thorough Mazzinian, an illustration of this party's admirable perseverance and sincerity, and no less of its utter impracticability and danger to the cause of constitutional government. Cironi appears to be as honest as Mazzini himself, and as incapable of subordinating his own political preferences to the general advantage. His sufferings in the Italian cause were considerable, and entitle him to our respect, though we cannot join with Madlle. Assing in reviling the Tuscan Government for presuming to protect itself against a determined conspirator. Cironi was, in fact, very fortunate in being a subject of the Grand Duke, and not of the King of Naples.

Wolfgang Menzel ‡, being Wolfgang Menzel, has of necessity written a history in the spirit of a party pamphlet. Perhaps, however, the term is inappropriate, for it is not clear that this pungent writer represents any party but himself. He is a German Veuillot or Brownson, too crotchety and independent to be a favourite with the adherents of his own principles, and continually exciting the ridicule of others by his paradoxes. Like those authors, again, he possesses real originality and great acuteness, and there is often more to be learned from his strange utterances than from many a mild echo of the *vox populi*. The leading idea suggested to him by the late conflict is to look for such sins and shortcomings in Austria as may excuse Providence for having permitted the discomfiture of so eminently conservative a Power. Hence a biting chapter, in which the errors of Austrian statesmen are unmercifully exposed, and the extraordinary discovery announced that the seemingly absolutist State is in fact far too liberal, as the political opinions of the people are wholly formed by the Jews. Prussia, on the contrary, is all that is good, so long at least as Count Bismark is at hand to keep the Liberals in order. We are sorry to observe that Herr Menzel's patriotism is of the narrow and arrogant description too common among his countrymen. German unity seems only valued as a necessary condition of German empire. Alsace, Lorraine, even Belgium, are all claimed for Germany, without the least regard to the wishes of their inhabitants. Any native of Schleswig, or Posen, or Istria, who should rashly imagine that what is good for Germans must be good for him, may learn from Herr Menzel that independence is a kind of thing which agrees neither with Danes, nor with Italians, nor with Poles.

Adolf Schmidt §, being a professor at a Prussian University, is also naturally on the side of Prussia. As he does not refer to foreign politics, there is nothing in his earnest but practical and moderate views on national unity with which dispassionate well-wishers to Germany will be unable to sympathize. He calls for the restoration of the German Empire under the House of Hohenzollern—undoubtedly the logical consummation of recent events.

The thirty-sixth volume of the "New Pitaval" ¶ will be chiefly interesting to English readers for its exhaustive accounts of the cases of Palmer and Müller. After the floods of patriotic declamation emitted on the latter subject, it is satisfactory to find an experienced German lawyer expressing his entire persuasion of Müller's guilt.

Pablasek's work on the care of the blind ¶ contains a description of all existing asylums and systems of education, with suggestions for their improvement, and for a more accurate collection of statistics. There is also an account of the literature of the subject.

The history of the Portuguese Jews ** is the old miserable story of the atrocities of fanaticism going hand in hand with the atroci-

* *Mozart und Haydn in London*. Von C. F. Pohl. Abth. 1: *Mozart in London*. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Piero Cironi. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Revolution in Italien*. Von Ludmilla Assing. Leipzig: Matthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Der Deutsche Krieg im Jahr 1866*. Von Wolfgang Menzel. Lf. 1. Stuttgart: Krabbe. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Preussens Deutsche Politik, 1785, 1806, 1849, 1866*. Von Adolf Schmidt. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Nutt.

¶ *Der Neue Pitaval*. Th. 36. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Die Fürsorge für die Blinden von der Wiege bis zum Grabe*. Von M. Pablasek. Wien: Beck. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *Geschichte der Juden in Portugal*. Von Dr. M. Kayserling. Berlin: Springer. London: Asher & Co.

ness of covetousness. In no country had the Jews obtained a firmer footing; in none, accordingly, was their extirpation accompanied by circumstances of greater cruelty and injustice. The Portuguese nation were apparently less culpable than their Sovereign, John, the successor of Manuel, an amateur in persecution, as other kings have been amateurs in painting or tailoring. The most curious and extraordinary part of Dr. Kayserling's volume refers to this Sovereign's negotiations with Popes Clement VII. and Paul III., respecting the "New Christians," i.e. forcibly converted Jews. Both these Pontiffs, to their infinite honour, took up the cause of those unfortunate people with much warmth, and enunciated sentiments of such liberality as we are now little in the habit of hearing from the Vatican and its defenders. The King's obstinacy, however, got the better of them, and the persecution of the New Christians lasted without intermission until the time of Pombal, who abolished it with such facility as to prove how little cruelty is really innate in the national character. Dr. Kayserling's work is more distinguished by industry and comprehensiveness than by literary merit.

The Jews were neither hanged nor burned in Königsberg, but were frequently banished from it. Their history in connexion with that city, as related by Dr. Jolowicz*, consists to a great degree of their attempts to establish themselves there, the objections of the inhabitants on the score of their alleged usurious practices and the contagious disorders they introduced from Poland, and the various electoral and royal decrees, rescripts, and patents called forth by this state of affairs. The story is dry, but not uninteresting. The existing state of toleration has made the children of Abraham better citizens and worse Hebrews.

Herr Plitt's† history of the Reformation in Germany is written from rather a peculiar point of view, being intended as an introduction to a forthcoming work on the Augsburg Confession. It is, in fact, little else than a biography of Luther, composed in a spirit of the most ardent admiration, yet temperate and fair to his opponents. The most interesting sections are those which describe Luther's relation to the rival currents in the great Reformation movement—the Anabaptists, who went too far for him; the Humanists, who did not go far enough; and the Zuinglians, who went in a different direction.

A general atlas of missionary stations‡ all over the world, with an accompanying text descriptive of their situation and present condition, is one of the many valuable contributions for which science is indebted to missionary enterprise. The first part contains seven maps, comprising the western coast of Africa from the Gambia to the Gaboon. We have been much struck by observing the difference of language to the north and south of the Old Calabar river. South of this line of demarcation the physiology and physiognomy of proper names are substantially the same throughout the whole of Africa. Words are polysyllabic, full of liquids, and sonorous. To the north they are totally different, being harsh, curt, full of gutturals and mutes. We are not aware whether any corresponding ethnological distinction has been ascertained, but it is worthy of note that all the more civilized negro tribes dwell northwards of a line drawn from the mouth of the Calabar.

The third volume of Bishop Räs's§ lives of converts to the Roman Catholic religion comprises only the last decade of the sixteenth century. At this rate, the execution of his plan will require at least a hundred volumes. Among the nineteen subjects of the present are Lipsius, Scioippius, and Henry IV. of France. As we have previously observed, the Bishop's chief merit is his allowing the subjects of his narratives to speak for themselves as much as possible. This saves him trouble, and the reader vexation, for the worthy prelate is a querulous, though not an offensive, bigot. Some idea of his candour may be formed from his attributing Henry IV.'s irregularities after his conversion to his Calvinistic education.

Immanuel Fichte's|| treatise on the idea of immortality is chiefly remarkable for the attempt to derive this belief from the fact of the providential government of the world. On the latter subject the author writes clearly, forcibly, and even beautifully. Having shown the existence of a controlling purpose displayed and gradually wrought out in the history of mankind, he argues that it must design the perfection of the individual as well as of the race, and must therefore require to be carried further on a larger scale and under more enduring conditions than the present constitution of the individual will admit. The faculties bestowed on man imply a wider field for their employment; if this is not conceded, life is an unsatisfactory fragment, and the masterpiece of nature the only solecism in her works. The work is distinguished by a generous breadth of view and a lofty ethical tone.

The considerations alleged on this topic by Professor Daumer¶

* *Geschichte der Juden in Königsberg.* Von Dr. H. Jolowicz. Posen: Jolowicz. London: Asher & Co.

† *Geschichte der Evangelischen Kirche bis zum Augsburgischen Reichstage.* Von Gustav Plitt. Erlangen: Deichert. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Allgemeiner Missions-Atlas nach Originalquellen.* Bearbeitet von Dr. R. Grundemann. Gotha: Perthes. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Die Convertiten seit der Reformation, nach ihrem Leben und aus ihren Schriften dargestellt.* Von Dr. A. Risse, Bischof von Strassburg. Bd. 3. Freiburg: Herder. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Die Seelenfortdauer und die Weltstellung des Menschen.* Von I. H. Fichte. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Nutt.

¶ *Das Geisterreich in Glauben, Vorstellung, Sage und Wirklichkeit.* Von G. F. Daumer. Bd. 1. Dresden: Türk. London: Asher & Co.

would be more cogent still if we could but depend on the data on which they are based. He relies on the best of all testimony—the testimony of the senses. He has, in fact, compiled a collection of ghost stories which are at all events very entertaining reading. It is easy to ridicule labour thus employed, but Professor Daumer at least deserves the credit of having selected his stories with judgment, of having done what he can (not much) to authenticate them, and of having argued in their favour with no little ingenuity and acuteness. We think, however, that, for the credit of the cause he espouses, he had better have kept to himself his own peculiar contribution to the records of the supernatural. It relates to an unearthly tumult which arose one night in the house where he lodged, and which he feels warranted in ascribing to supernatural causes. An old lady who lodged in the same house, however, maintained that it emanated from the Professor himself, and was attributable to the ardour with which he had been investigating the properties of another description of spirits. The old lady's explanation appears to us quite as philosophical as the Professor's.

F. H. Jacobi* is too interesting a figure in the history of philosophy not to merit a biography, but the task is one which it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to attempt with success. The requisite materials are no longer extant, and many of the more important occurrences can only be conveyed in outline. We know that Jacobi underwent many vicissitudes of fortune, but the causes and accompanying circumstances of these are in general exceedingly obscure. Dr. Zirngiebl has thrown little additional light on the subject; indeed his researches seem to have been limited to the explanation and criticism of Jacobi's philosophy. To this there can be no objection, but it would have been better if he had kept the biographical and philosophical portions of his work more rigorously apart. We have to penetrate tangled thickets of metaphysical disquisition to find what, after all, is hardly worth the labour. Jacobi's place in the history of philosophy is almost an isolated one. With most philosophers the motive to speculation has been the hope of solving the enigma of the universe. Jacobi, like Hume, philosophized to show the impossibility of such a solution, but, unlike Hume, referred the inquirer to faith. By faith, however, he did not mean the reception of anything repugnant to reason, or inconsistent with itself; nor, while sceptical of the all-sufficiency of human faculties, would he have maintained, with some modern thinkers, that they are in no respect trustworthy.

Professor Zeller's† lecture on the religion and philosophy of the Romans is distinguished by his usual lucidity and vigour of handling. The contrast between the religions of Rome and Greece, the extent to which the former was modified by the latter, and the philosophical reaction under the later Stoics, are exhibited with much power.

Dr. Schwabe‡ describes the organization of industrial education in England, especially in connexion with the South Kensington Museum. Like most other visitors to this country, he recognises the great progress that has been made since 1851. He attributes it to the system that has been adopted, which he recommends for imitation in Germany.

Teichmüller's criticisms on Aristotle's Poetics§, so far as their character is philological, are chiefly intended to vindicate the *textus receptus* against the arbitrary emendations and transpositions of recent commentators. Modern criticism, and in particular modern German criticism, is so frequently rash that we are inclined to think Herr Teichmüller may have done excellent service. Several short essays are added on questions suggested by the language of Aristotle.

The *International Review*|| continues to offer a great variety of interesting articles, including a translation of an entire Swedish tragedy, the *Wisbur* of Stagnelius.

* *F. H. Jacobi's Leben, Dichten und Denken. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Deutschen Literatur und Philosophie.* Von E. Zirngiebl. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Religion und Philosophie bei den Römern.* Von Eduard Zeller. Berlin: Charisius. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Förderung der Kunst-Industrie in England und der Stand dieser Frage in Deutschland.* Von Dr. H. Schwabe. Berlin: Guttentag. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Beiträge zur Erklärung der Poetik des Aristoteles.* Von G. Teichmüller. Halle: Barthel. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Internationale Revue.* Bd. 2. Wien: Hilberg. London: Williams & Norgate.

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EASTER TUESDAY.—THE SECOND BALLAD CONCERT, April 22, Vocalists: Miss Louisa Tyne and Madame Sherrington, Madlle. Liebhart, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Wells, and Madame Sainton-Doby; Mr. Tom Hohler (by permission of Mr. Mapleson), Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Patey. The Glee and Madrigals under the direction of Mr. J. L. Hutton. Piano-forte, Madame Arabella Goddard. Seals, 6s.; Family Tickets for Four, 12s.; Balcony, 2s.; Tickets, 2s. and 1s. each, to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; and of Bousie & Co., Holles Street; Keith, Frowse & Co., Cheapside; and the principal Music-sellers.

MUSICAL UNION.—MEMBERS who have not received their TICKETS to notify the same to the Director. Leopold Auer and Madlle. Mehlig are engaged, Tuesday, April 30. M. and Madame Jaell, Gruisnachner, Jacquard and Antaini Rubinstein, are expected during the Season, with other eminent Artists.

J. ELLA, 18 Hanover Square.

EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—Will shortly appear, a New Entertainment (protected by Royal Letters Patent), A MAN'S METAMORPHOSIS. In which are displayed Marvels of Instantaneous Invisibility.—The Transmutations of Plants and Animals into Human Beings.—Daring Outdoses.—Flying Heads.—Singing Flowers, and Startling Transformations in Fairyland.

ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION SOCIETY. A. J. B. BERESFORD HOPE, Esq., M.P., D.C.L., F.S.A., President.

The SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION will be opened on Wednesday, May 1. Admission, 1s.; on Mondays, 6d.; Season Tickets, 2s. 6d., which also admit to the Lectures.

ROBERT W. EDIS, M.R.I.B.A. Hon. Secs.

ROWLAND PLUMBE, M.R.I.B.A. Hon. Secs.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120 Pall Mall.—The Fourteenth ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn.—The TWENTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL DINNER, in aid of the Funds of this Charity, will take place at Willis's Rooms on Monday, the 20th inst.

Vice-Chancellor Sir WILLIAM PAGE WOOD in the Chair.

Gentlemen willing to become Stewards are requested to forward their names to

JAMES S. BLYTH, Secretary.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—THE SEVENTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, on Wednesday, May 15.

The Very Rev. the DEAN of ST. PAUL'S in the Chair.

The Stewards will be announced in future Advertisements.

4 Adelphi Terrace, W.C. OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Secretary.

COMMEMORATION FESTIVAL.—EARL RUSSELL will take the Chair at the DINNER of the PRINTERS' PENSION, ALMSHOUSE, and ORPHAN ASYLUM CORPORATION, on Wednesday, May 8.—Tickets, 21s.; to be had at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, and of the Secretary, J. S. HOSKIN, Jun., 2 Harpur Street, Red Lion Square. Subscriptions towards building a New Wing to the Almshouses at Wood Green will be thankfully received.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.—THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING to receive the Council's Report, and to distribute the amount subscribed for the Purchase of Works of Art, will be held at the New Theatre Royal, Adelphi, on Tuesday, April 20, at Half-past Eleven for Twelve o'clock, by the kind permission of Benjamin Webster, Esq. The Receipt for the Current Year will procure admission for Members and Friends.

444 West Strand. GEORGE GODWIN, LEWIS POCOCK, Hon. Secs.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

LECTURE ARRANGEMENTS AFTER EASTER, 1867.

Hour, Three o'clock.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE. Two Lectures, ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF PLATO. On Tuesday, April 30 and May 7.

PROFESSOR W. A. MILLER, Treasurer, R.S. Four Lectures, ON SPECTRUM ANALYSIS, including its Application to Astronomy. On Tuesdays, May 14 to June 4.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY, F.R.S. Twelve Lectures, ON ETHNOLOGY. On Thursdays and Saturdays, May 2 to June 6.

On the FRIDAY EVENINGS after EASTER Discourses will probably be given by

Profs. Blackie and A. Bain, Sir F. G. Ouseley, Prof. A. Herschel, Sir James Locatelli, and Mr. Ruskin.

To the Friday Evening Meetings Members and their Friends only are admitted.

To Non-Members the admission to all these Courses of Lectures is Two Guineas; to a Single Course of Lectures, One Guinea or Half-a-Guinea, according to the length of the Course.

Gentlemen desirous of becoming Members are requested to apply to the Secretary.

New Members can be proposed at any Monthly Meeting. When proposed, they are admitted to all the Lectures, to the Friday Evening Meetings, and to the Library and Reading Rooms; and their Families are admitted to the Lectures at a reduced charge. Payment:—First year, Ten Guineas; afterwards, Five Guineas a year; or a composition of Sixty Guineas.

Prospectuses (when prepared) may be had in the Hall.

April 1867. H. BENICE JONES, Hon. Sec.

DR. TYNDALL, F.R.S., will commence a Course of Thirty-two

LECTURES ON MAGNETISM, ELECTRICITY, SOUND, LIGHT, and HEAT, at Two o'clock on Monday the 29th of April, at the Royal School of Mines, Jermyn Street, to be continued on every Week day but Saturday at the same hour. Fee for the Course, 25.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

BRADFIELD.—ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, Bradfield, near Reading.—Incorporated by Royal Charter.

This School will meet again after the Easter Holidays on Wednesday, May 8.

For information, apply to the Warden, Rev. THOMAS SEYMOUR, Bradfield, near Reading; or to the Honorary Secretary, J. H. PATTERSON, Esq., at his Chambers, 1 Elm Court, Middle Temple, London.

EASTBOURNE COLLEGE. President—His Grace the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G., Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

Head-Master—The Rev. J. R. WOOD, M.A., Trin. Coll. Cambridge.

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A Prospectus and every information may be obtained from the Secretary, J. H. CAMERON COLES, Esq., Eastbourne, Sussex.

HYDE PARK COLLEGE for LADIES, 115 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park.—CLASSES under Signor Garcia, Signor Traventi, Mrs. Street, J. B. Chatterton, Esq., J. Benedict, Esq., F. Praeger, Esq., C. Mansfield, Esq., M. Roche, Dr. Heilmann, Signor Volpe, J. Radford, Esq., Cave Thomas, Esq., Mrs. Harrison, Madame L. Michau, A. Chisnoe, Esq., &c.

The SENIOR TERM begins April 29th.

Prospectuses, containing Terms, &c., may be had on application at the College, or to the LADY RESIDENT.

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SION.—C. G. BLACKADER, M.A., formerly of Cheltenham College, and late Head Mathematical Master of the Modern Department, Clifton College, prepares a limited number of PUPILS for the above. Term begins May 8.—Address, Richmond, S.W.

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LONDON SOCIETY of AMATEUR FLUTE PLAYERS. CLASSES for BEGINNERS and CLASSES for ADVANCED STUDENTS are held at the Society's Rooms, 63 Chandos Street, Charing Cross, under the Direction of B. WELLS, Associate Royal Academy of Music. Trio and Quartet Practice on Thursdays at Three, and Fridays at 7.30.—For terms and particulars apply at the Rooms.

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